

'COLLIER'S'

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

THANKSGIVING

Vol. XXX No. 8

NOVEMBER 22 1902

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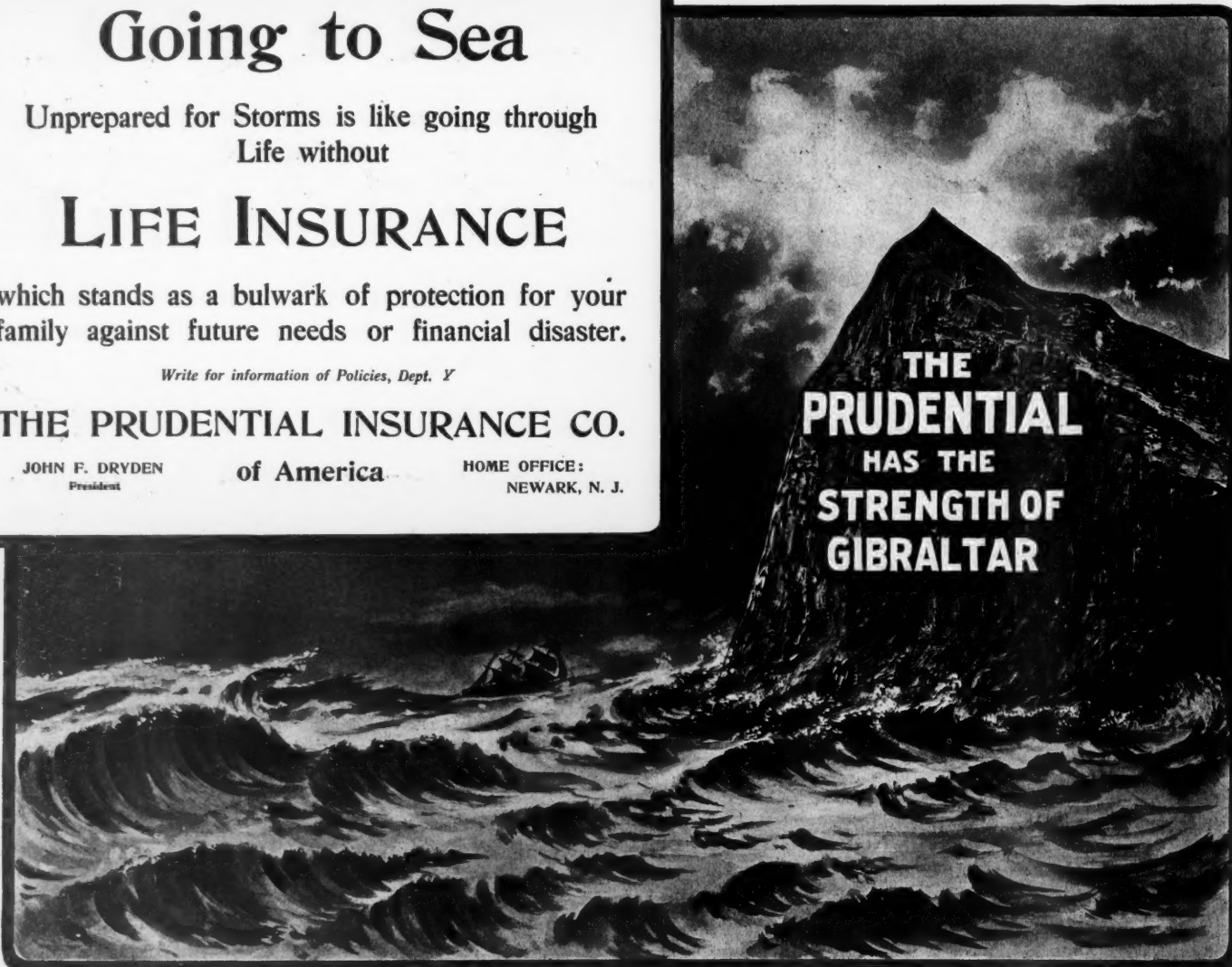
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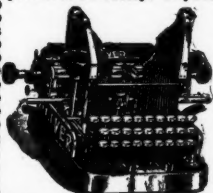
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COLLIER'S WEEKLY

EDITORIAL BULLETIN

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1902



NOW is the festive season when the proud gobbler gobbles his last gobble, and proceeds to get gobbled. And this is the number of COLLIER'S that tells you how to do it,—not that we have anything against the turkey, but because it is the destiny of all turkeys to gobble and be gobbled. On another page Mrs. Curtis and Mrs. Megee, respectively, tell how this may be most economically and most artistically done. Economy and art don't always go hand in hand,—but it's all one to the turkey, for he seems to be included in both. That is his privilege, and he should be proud of it, for he thereby becomes a part of a great festival, of a national event, of a ceremonial occasion,—and he gets his picture in the paper more than any other member of the feathery tribe. His picture is included on the cover of this number, for instance,—and a very handsome cover it is, full of the spirit of the season and rich in the colors of autumn. Full of the spirit of the season, too, is the double-page, by Smedley. It has the spirit of life, of action, and of youth. Here is another national institution,—the Thanksgiving day football game,—and all the players have much indeed to be thankful for if they are whole at sunset.

In fiction, the present number will be found particularly entertaining. Robert W. Chambers is bringing his story of "The Maids of Paradise" to a close,—in fact, next week's paper will hold the end of this vigorous and charming serial. As serials are so much in demand, however, we shall begin another at once,—"The Serio-Comic Government," by Israel Zangwill, with illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy. This is a delightful story,—but more concerning it in a later bulletin.

The last short story from the pen of the gifted young author of "The Octopus," the late Frank Norris, is published in this issue,—and will be found to be one of his most stirring sea yarns. It is a story of adventure, pure and simple, with characters so true to life and an atmosphere so convincing that the reader is led, in spite of himself, almost to condone the villany of such daring freebooters. Quite different in tone and sentiment is the article by Mr. Hall Caine, who tells us what he thinks of "The Triumphs of American Women." Of course, we all know what we think personally of the lady's triumphs,—or, if we don't, it's high time we found out,—but it is always pleasant to learn what the foreigner thinks, especially the cultured and discerning foreigner, the man who has written so delightfully about his imaginary women in his stories. When he comes to reality he is as gracious as he has been with his heroines.

The Collier Santa Claus will be a trifle earlier in his arrival than old Kris Kringle himself,—that is, our Christmas Number will appear on the 6th of next month, and will be full of all sorts of advice about Christmas presents and things that people want to have ahead of time. The number will be a very rainbow so far as color is concerned, and the short stories are simply splendid. "The Captive," by Rudyard Kipling, is the best thing he ever wrote. It deals with the adventures of an American in the Boer War. The pictures are by Smedley and Penfield. A real Christmas story is "The Squire's Wager," by H. B. Marriott Watson, with illustrations by E. J. Sullivan, and a lively yarn of stage life is "The Tameless Team," by Virginia Tracy. These are mere suggestions of the 40-page collection of good things. We will tell more of it next week. And we want to talk about the **Lion's Mouth**, too. That is going to be a wonderful thing. Look out for the **Lion's Mouth**!

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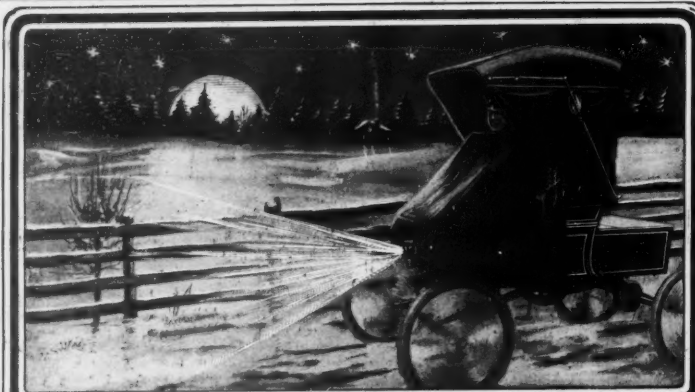
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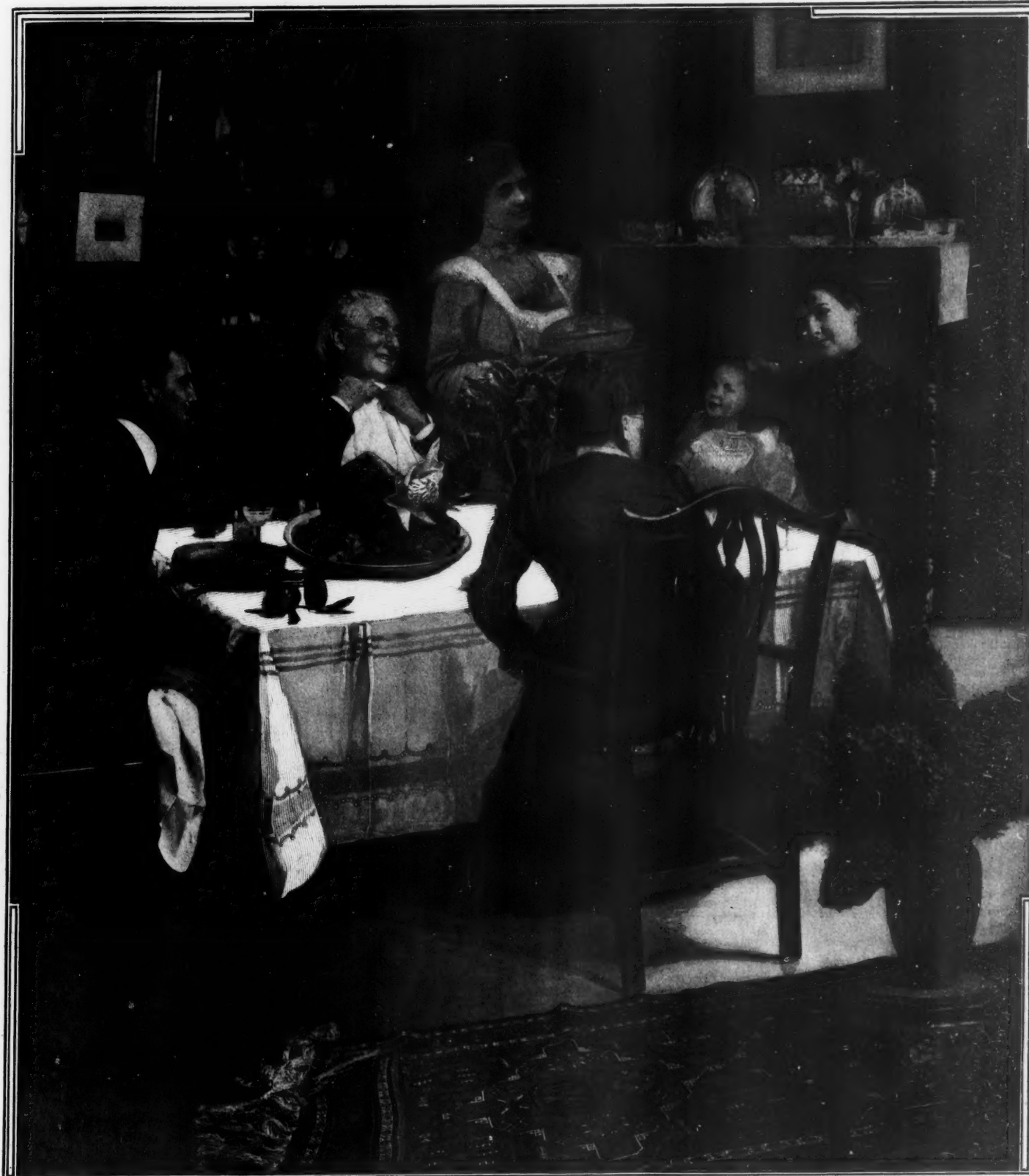
Thanksgiving Number

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VOLUME THIRTY
NUMBER EIGHT

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TEN CENTS A COPY
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THANKSGIVING DINNER WITH THE OLD FOLKS

DRAWN BY L. L. ROUSH

THE TRIUMPHS OF AMERICAN WOMEN

A THANKSGIVING PÆAN

BY HALL CAINE



TEN YEARS AGO I was in Iceland, and I saw that in that country it was customary when you sat with your friend in his house to have his wife stand up and wait upon you. This year I am in America, and here it's the husband who stands and waits. Somewhere between these two conditions is the rank of woman in England.

Once on a time she was like Fanny Price in "Mansfield Park"—a young lady who never went out in the wind or the rain, or walked in the streets unattended, or spoke in public to an unmarried companion of the other sex, and always dropped her correspondence with her male cousins as soon as childhood ended.

Once on a time when a girl came out of her schoolroom the question of what she was to do had only three possible answers:

- First, "Enjoy herself."
- Second, "Help her mother."
- Third, "Amuse the baby."

It must have been in this interesting period that the bazaar system began, and young ladies developed talents for begging which would have put to shame an order of friars. The bazaar system is happily still capable of exercise in the cause of suffering humanity by ladies who can amuse the public as well as the baby.

The triumph of woman over the amusements formerly prescribed for her sex has been so absolute that she now controls in great part the pleasures of man as well.

May I reveal a secret and say that the dramatist always, and the novelist usually, if he knows his business, asks himself when he sits down to write his play or his book, "Will this subject appeal to women?" If the answer is "Yes," he is sure of success; but if "No," he must generally be content with the Lenten reward of "art for art's sake."

A play or a novel to be popular must have many points of appeal, incident, character, emotion and motive—incident for the crowd, character for the few, motive for the fewer, and emotion for the women. Without emotion, without passion and the analysis of passion, no novel, I think, and certainly no play, can succeed greatly.

Women have imposed this condition upon dramatists and novelists, and I think upon musicians and painters also, and the appeal of art as a whole is to women first and to men and the multitude afterward.

Not long ago a theatrical manager in New York, trying to inspire me to write a play, said:

"Write me a play for the girls of nineteen."

"Why the girls of nineteen?" I asked.

"Because they are dead sure to bring all the rest," he answered.

But perhaps the chief triumph of woman in our latter days is her triumph over her occupations.

Once on a time the world looked on at the spectacle of one-

half of the human family utterly excluded from the interest of life, except that part of it which consisted of marrying and giving in marriage, and superintending the kitchen and the nursery. These were high and honorable occupations without doubt, but they left unanswered the question quoted by Mrs. Fawcett, "What business have unmarried women turned of forty to do in the world?" Women younger than that have now to settle the question for themselves, and they are doing so by the exercise of talents which are commanding the world's esteem.

The professions are many in which women are winning

scenes, and worse, the public is only too glad to consign the Kilkenny-cat theory of life on the boards to the general condemnation of Hamlet's maxim:

"Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny."

But whatever the dangers and temptations of the stage as a profession for women—and every profession has its dangers and temptations—we know there are women who surmount them.

But it would wrong the truth to talk as if the greatest triumphs of women were limited to those gifted and favored

ones who win the prizes of the professions. There are triumphs of woman which the world knows nothing of and prizes which the winners are willing and proud that other hands should bear away.

I suppose it is an accepted theory that most great men have married worthless and foolish wives, and if I were a woman, in view of that fact, I should only be tempted to say with Mrs. Poyser, "I'm not saying women can't be stupid. God Almighty made 'em to match the men."

But happily the instances are not few or obscure of wives of great men who have shared their husbands' aims and stimulated their thoughts and even taken up their burdens. And if it is not the highest rôle in the dramatic cast of humanity to understudy the man, there is a part which belongs to the woman alone—the part which concerns her rights and her duties as a mother.

I know it is a current cant to talk lightly of "My Lord the Baby," but, speaking as one who has seen something of the world, I would hazard the statement that the first sign of a decaying nation is the tendency on the part of mothers to leave "My Lord the Baby" exclusively to the care of servants, and the great mark of a strong and vigorous people is the big part which the young generation plays in the affairs of life.

It was Mary Wollstonecraft who said that when she was

contending for the rights of woman her first thought was that "if children are to be educated to the true principle of patriotism their mother must be a patriot." And if the sons of America are brave men who mean to stand by their country, it is above all else proof of the fact that American mothers have done their duty. Surely that is a triumph which of itself realizes the beautiful picture of the woman whose "price is above rubies," and justifies the tender if somewhat old-fashioned companion portrait of a perfect wife by Pope:

"Blest with temper whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day,
She who ne'er answers till a husband cools
And if she rules him never shews she rules,
Charms by accepting, by submitting, sways,
And has her humor most when she obeys."

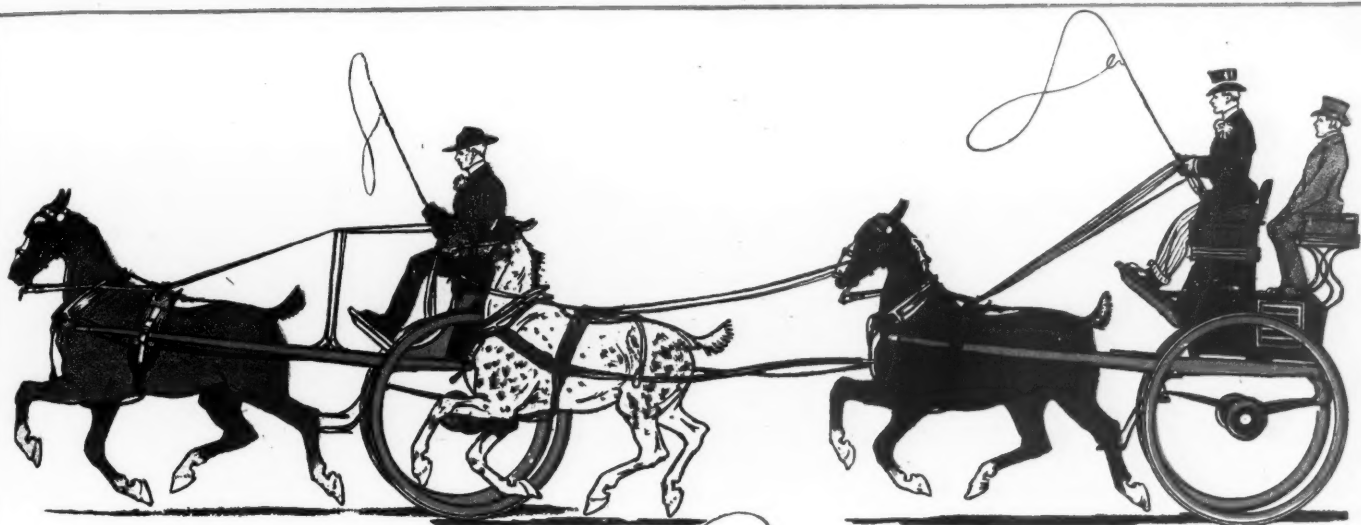


HALL CAINE

distinction and material rewards. First, by right of earliest origin, literature. Perhaps the earliest bands of women writers were literary nuns. The literary women of today had their precursors in the convents of old where women first asked for self-development and social responsibility.

And then the triumphs of woman in literature, great as they are and have been, are not greater than her triumphs on the stage. The stage seems to be so peculiarly the sphere of woman that it is difficult to believe in the modesty of a period which forbade them to appear there and gave their parts to boys.

Most manly men will agree, I think, that a nice girl on the stage is about the nicest thing in the world, and though we may hear stories from without of bickerings behind the

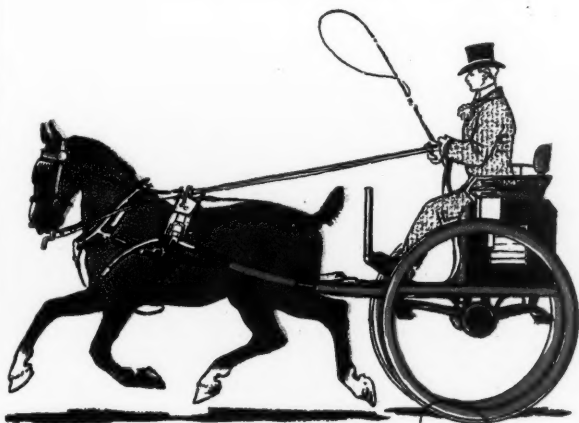


Combination Horse up to Gig

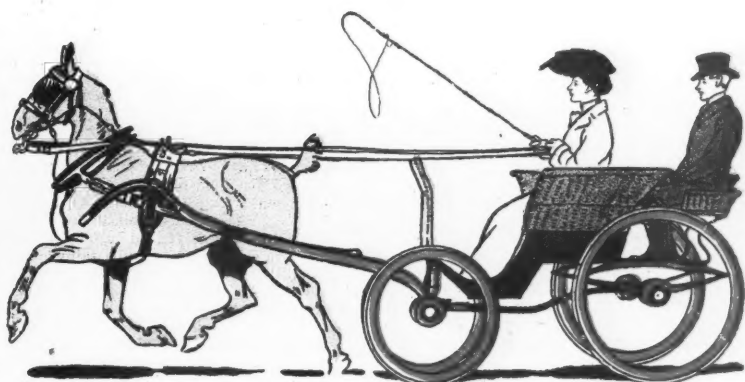
Cocking Cart



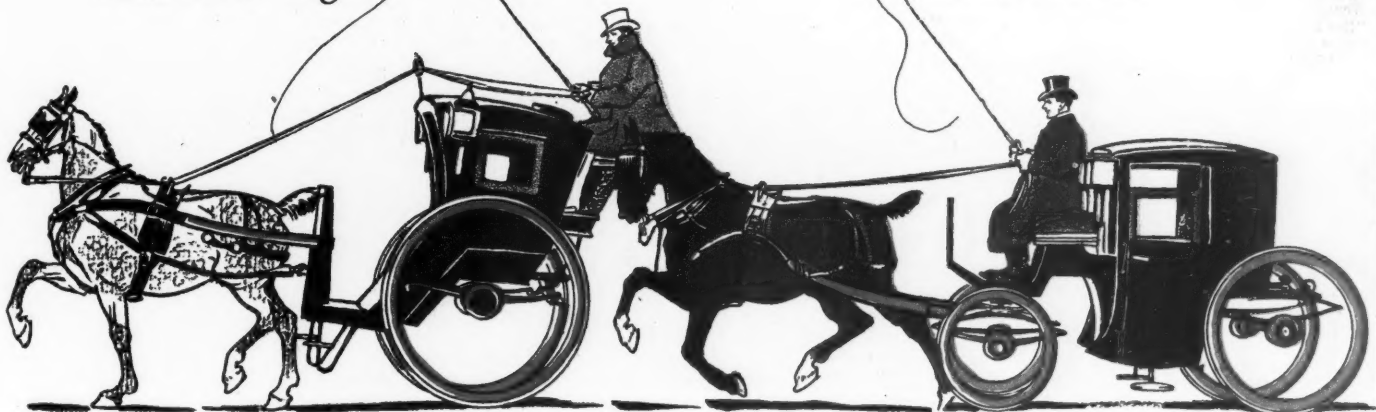
Road Coach at top speed



"Park Gate" Gig



Ladies' Phaeton



Private Hansom

Miniature Brougham

EDWARD PENFIELD
1902

AT THE HORSE SHOW

SOME TYPICAL ANIMALS AND VEHICLES OF VARIOUS KINDS AND PATTERNS WHICH VISITORS WILL SEE AT NEW YORK'S FASHIONABLE ANNUAL EVENT HELD AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN DURING THE PRESENT WEEK



THE DUAL PERSONALITY OF SLICK DICK NICKERSON

By FRANK NORRIS, Author of "The Octopus," Etc.

DRAWINGS BY LUCIUS HITCHCOCK

ON A CERTAIN MORNING in the spring of the year, the three men who were known as the Three Black Crows called at the office of "The President of the Pacific and Oriental Flotation Company," situated in an obscure street near San Francisco's water-front. They were Strokher, the tall, blond, solemn, silent Englishman; Hardenbrook, the American, dry of humor, shrewd, resourceful, who bargained like a Vermonter and sailed a schooner like a Gloucester cod-fisher; and in their company, as ever inseparable from the other two, came the little colonial, nicknamed, for occult reasons, "Ally Bazan," a small wiry man, excitable, vociferous, who was without fear, without guile and without money.

When Hardenbrook, who was always spokesman for the Three Crows, had sent in their names, they were admitted at once to the inner office of the "President." The President was an old man, bearded like a prophet, with a watery blue eye and a forehead wrinkled like an orang's. He spoke to the Three Crows in the manner of one speaking to friends he has not seen in some time.

"Well, Mr. Ryder," began Hardenbrook. "We called around to see if you had anything for us this morning. I don't mind telling you that we're at liberty just now. Anything doing?"

Ryder fingered his beard distressfully. "Very little, Joe; very little."

"Got any wrecks?"

"Not a wreck."

Hardenbrook turned to a great map that hung on the wall by Ryder's desk. It was marked in places by red crosses, against which were written certain numbers and letters. Hardenbrook put his finger on a small island south of the Marquesas group and demanded, "What might be H. 33, Mr. President?"

"Pearl Island," answered the President. "Davidson is on that job."

"Or H. 125?" Hardenbrook indicated a point in the Gilbert group.

"Guano deposits. That's promised."

"Hello! You're up in the Aleutians. I make out 20 A.—what's that?"

"Old government telegraph wire—line abandoned—finest-drawn copper wire. I've had three boys at that for months."

"What's 301? This here, off the Mexican coast?"

The President, unable to remember, turned to his one clerk: "Hyers, what's 301? Isn't that Peterson?"

The clerk ran his finger down a column: "No, sir; 301 is the Whiskey Ship."

"Ah! so it is. I remember. You remember, too, Joe. Little schooner, the *Tropic Bird*—sixty days out from Callao—five hundred cases of whiskey aboard—sunk in squall. It was thirty years ago. Think of five hundred cases of thirty-year-old whiskey! There's money in that if I can lay my hands on the schooner. Suppose you try that, you boys—on a twenty per cent basis. Come now, what do you say?"

"Not for five per cent," declared Hardenbrook. "How'd we raise her? How'd we know how deep she lies? Not for Joe. What's the matter with landing arms down here in Central America for Bocas and his gang?"

"I'm out o' that, Joe. Too much competition."

"What's doing here in Tahiti—No. 88? It ain't lettered."

Once more the President consulted his books. "Ah!—88. Here we are. Cache o' illicit pearls. I had it looked up. Nothing in it."

"Say, cap'n!"—Hardenbrook's eye had travelled to the upper edge of the map—"whatever did you strike up here in Alaska? At Point Barrow, s'elp me Bob! It's 48 B."

The President stirred uneasily in his place. "Well, I ain't quite worked that scheme out, Joe. But I smell the deal. There's a Russian post along there some'eres. Where they catch sea-otters. And the skins o' sea-otters are selling this very day for seventy dollars at any port in China."

"I s'y," piped up Ally Bazan, "I knows a bit about that gyne. They's a bally kind o' Lum-tums among them Chinese as sports those syme skins on their bally clothes—as a mark o' rank, d'y'e see."

"Have you figured at all on the proposition, cap'n?" inquired Hardenbrook.

"There's risk in it, Joe, big risk," declared the President nervously. "But I'd only ask fifteen per cent."

"You have worked out the scheme then."

"Well—ah—y'see there's the risk, and—ah—" Suddenly Ryder leaned forward, his watery blue eyes glinting: "Boys, it's a jewel. It's just your kind. I'd a-sent for you, to try on this very scheme, if you hadn't shown up. You kin have the *Bertha Millner*—I've a year's charter o' her from Wilbur—and I'll only ask you fifteen per cent of the net profits—net, mind you."

"I ain't buyin' no dead horse, cap'n," returned Hardenbrook, "but I'll say this: we pay no fifteen per cent."

"Banks and the Ruggles were daft to try it and give me twenty-five."

"An' where would Banks land the scheme? I know him. You put him on that German cipher-code job down Honolulu way, and it cost you about a thousand before you could pull out. We'll give you seven an' a half."

"Ten," declared Ryder, "ten, Joe, at the very least. Why, how much do you suppose just the stores would cost me? And Point Barrow—why, Joe, that's right up in the Artik. I got to run the risk o' you getting the *Bertha* smashed in the ice."

"What do we risk?" retorted Hardenbrook; and it was the monosyllabic Strokher who gave the answer:

"Chokee, by Jove!"

"Ten is fair. It's ten or nothing," answered Hardenbrook.

"Gross, then, Joe. Ten on the gross—or I give the job to the Ruggles and Banks."

"Who's your bloomin' agent?" put in Ally Bazan.

"Nickerson. I sent him with Peterson on that *Mary Archer* wreck scheme. An' you know what Peterson says of him—didn't give him no trouble at all. One o' my best men, boys."

"There have been," observed Strokher stolidly, "certain stories told about Nickerson. Not that I wish to seem suspicious, but I put it to you as man to man."

"Ay," exclaimed Ally Bazan. "He was fair nutty once, they tell me. Threw some kind o' bally fit an' come aout all skew-jee'd in his mind. Forgot his nyme an' all. I s'y, how about him anyw'y?"

"Boys," said Ryder, "I'll tell you. Nickerson—yes, I know the yarns about him. It was this way—y'see I ain't keeping anything from you, boys. Two years ago he was a Methodist preacher in Santa Clara. Well, he was what they call a revivalist, and he was holding forth one blazin' hot day out in the sun when all at once he goes down, flat, an' don't come round for the better part o' two days. When he wakes up, he's another person, he'd forgot his name, forgot his job, forgot the whole blame shooting match. And he ain't never remembered 'em since. The doctors have names for that kind o' thing. It seems it does happen now and again. Well, he turned to an' began sailing first off—soon as the hospitals and medicos were done with him—an' him not having any friends as you might say, he was let go his own gait. He got to be third mate of some kind o' dough-dish down Mexico way; and then I got hold o' him, an' took him into the Comp'n'y. He's been with me ever since. He ain't got the faintest kind o' recollection o' his Methody days, an' believes he's always been a sailorman. Well, that's his business, ain't it? If he takes my orders an' walks chalk, what do I care about his Methody game? There, boys, is the origin, history and development of Slick Dick Nickerson. If you take up this sea-otter deal and go to Point Barrow, naturally Nick has got to go as owner's agent and representative of the Comp'n'y. But I couldn't send a easier fellow to get along with. Honest, now, I couldn't. Boys, you think over the proposition between now and to-morrow an' then come around and let me know."

And the upshot of the whole matter was that one month later the *Bertha Millner*, with Nickerson, Hardenbrook, Strokher and Ally Bazan on board, cleared from San Francisco, bound—the papers were beautifully precise—for Seattle and Tacoma with a cargo of general merchandise.

As a matter of fact, the bulk of her cargo consisted of some odd hundreds of very fine lumps of rock—which as ballast is cheap by the ton—and some odd dozen cases of conspicuously labelled champagne.

The Pacific and Oriental Flotation Company made this champagne out of Rhine wine, effervescent salts, raisins, rock candy and alcohol. It was from the same stock of wine of which Ryder had sold some thousand cases to the Koreans the year before.

II

"Nor that I care a curse," said Strokher the Englishman. "But I put it to you squarely that this voyage lacks that certain indescribable charm."

The *Bertha Millner* was a fortnight out, and the four adventurers—or, rather, the three adventurers and Nickerson—were lame in every joint, red eyed from lack of sleep, half-starved, wholly wet and unequivocally disgusted. They had had heavy weather from the day they bade farewell to the whistling buoy off San Francisco Bay until the moment when even patient, docile, taciturn Strokher had at last—in his own fashion—rebelled.

At certain intervals, the little vociferous colonial, Ally Bazan—he was red-haired and speckled—capered with rage, shaking his fists.

"Ain't I a dam fool? Ain't I a proper lot? Gard strike me if I don't chuck fer fair after this. Wot'd I come to sea fer—an' this 'ere go is the worst I ever knew—a baot no bigger'n a bally bath-tub, head seas, livin' gyles the clock 'round, wet food, wet clothes, wet bunks. Coad till, by cricky! I've lost the feel o' mee feet. An' wat for? For the bloomin' good chanst o' a slug in mee guts. That's wat for."

But Hardenbrook only shifted his cigar to the other corner of his mouth. He knew Ally Bazan, and knew that the little fellow would have jeered at the offer of a first-cabin passage back to San Francisco in the swiftest, surest, steadiest passenger steamer that ever wore paint. So he remarked: "I ain't ever billed this promenade as a Coney Island picnic, I guess."

Nickerson—Slick Dick, the supercargo—was all that Hardenbrook, who captained the schooner, could expect. He never interfered, never questioned; never protested in the name or interests of the Company when Hardenbrook "hung on" in the bleak, bitter squalls till the *Bertha* was rail under and the sails hard as iron.

If it was true he had once been a Methody revivalist no one, to quote Ally Bazan, "could a' smelled it off'n him." He was a black-bearded, scrawling six-footer, with a voice like a steam siren and a fist like a sledge. He carried two revolvers, spoke of the Russians at Point Barrow as the "Boomsksys," and boasted if it came to that he'd engage to account for two of them, would shove their heads into their boot-legs and give 'em the running scrag, by God so he would!

Slowly, laboriously, beset in blinding fogs, swept with icy rains, buffeted and mauled and man-handled by the unending assaults of the sea, the *Bertha Millner* worked her way northward up that iron coast—till suddenly she entered an elysium.

Over night she seemed to have run into it: it was a world of green, wooded islands, of smooth channels, of warm and steady winds, of cloudless skies. Coming on deck upon the morning of the *Bertha*'s first day in this new region, Ally Bazan gazed open-mouthed. Then: "I s'y!" he yelled. "Hey! By ericky! Look!" He slapped his thighs. "S'trewh! This is 'eavenly!'"

Strokher was smoking his pipe on the hatch combings. "Rather," he observed. "And I put it to you—we've deserved it."

In the main, however, the northward flitting was uneventful. Every fifth day Nickerson got drunk—on the Company's Korean champagne. Now that the weather had sweetened, the Three Black Crows had less to do in the way of handling and nursing the schooner. Their plans when the "Boomsksys" should be reached were rehearsed over and over again. Then came spells of card and checker playing, story telling, or hours of silent inertia when, man-fashion, they brooded over pipes in a patch of sun, somnolent, the mind empty of all thought.

But at length the air took on a keener tang; there was a bite to the breeze, the sun lost his savor and the light of him lengthened till Hardenbrook could read off logarithms at ten in the evening. Great-coats and sweaters were had from the chests, and it was no man's work to reef when the wind came down from out the north.

Each day now the schooner was drawing nearer the Arctic Circle. At length snow fell, and two days later they saw their first iceberg.

Hardenbrook worked out their position on the chart and bore to the eastward till he made out the Alaskan coast—a smudge on the horizon. For another week he kept this in sight, the schooner dodging the bergs that by now drove by in squadrons, and even bumping and butting through drift and slush ice.

Seals were plentiful, and Hardenbrook and Strokher promptly revived the quarrel of their respective nations. Once even they slew a mammoth bull walrus—astray from some northern herd—and played poker for the tusks. Then suddenly they pulled themselves sharply together, and, as it were, stood "attention." For over a week the schooner, following the trend of the far-distant coast, had headed eastward, and now at length, looming out of the snow and out of the mist, a sombre bulwark, black, vast, ominous, rose the scarps and crags of that which they came so far to see—Point Barrow.

Hardenbrook rounded the point, ran in under the lee of the land and brought out the chart which Ryder had given him. Then he shortened sail and moved west again till Barrow was "hull down" behind him. To the north was the Arctic, treacherous, nursing hurricanes, ice-sheathed, but close aboard, not a quarter of a mile off his counter, stretched a gray and gloomy land, barren, bleak as a dead planet, inhospitable as the moon.

For three days they crawled along the edge, keeping their glasses trained upon every bay, every inlet. Then at length,

early one morning, Ally Bazan, who had been posted at the bows, came scrambling aft to Hardenbrook at the wheel. He was gasping for breath in his excitement.

"Hi! There we are," he shouted. "O Lord! Oh, I say! Now we're in fer it. That's them! That's them? By the great jumpin' jimminy Christmas, that's them fer fair! Strike me blind for a bleedin' gutter-cat if it ezent. O Lord! S'y I gotta get drunk. S'y, what-all's the first jump in the bally gyme now?"

"Well, the first thing, little man," observed Hardenbrook, "is for your mother's son to hang the monkey onto the safety-valve. Keep y'r steam and watch y'r uncle."

"Scrag the Boomskeys," said Slick Dick encouragingly. Strokher pulled the left end of his viking mustache with the fingers of his right hand.

"We must now talk," he said.

A last conference was held in the cabin, and the various parts of the comedy rehearsed. Also the three looked to their revolvers.

"Not that I expect a rupture of diplomatic relations," commented Strokher; "but if there's any shooting done, as between man and man, I choose to do it."

"All understood, then?" asked Hardenbrook, looking from face to face. "There won't be no chance to ask questions once we set foot ashore."

The others nodded.

It was not difficult to "get in with" the seven Russian sea-otter fishermen at the post. Certain of them spoke a macerated English, and through these Hardenbrook, Ally Bazan and Nickerson—Strokher remained on board to look after the schooner—told to the "Boomskeys" a lamentable tale of the

fancied he heard pistol-shots. Then after a long time the noise by degrees wore down; a long silence followed. The hut seemed deserted; nothing stirred; another hour went by.

Then at length Strokher saw a figure emerge from the door of the hut and come down to the shore. It was Hardenbrook. Strokher saw him wave his arm slowly, now to the left, now to the right, and he took down the wig-wag as follows: "Stand—in—closer—we—have—the—skins."

III

DURING the course of the next few days Strokher heard the different versions of the affair in the hut over and over again till he knew its smallest details. He learned how the "Boomskeys" fell upon Ryder's champagne like wolves upon a wounded buck, how they drank it from "enamelled-ware" coffee-cups, from tin dippers, from the bottles themselves; how at last they even dispensed with the tedium of removing the corks and knocked off the heads against the table-ledge and drank from the splintered bottoms; how they quarrelled over the lees and dregs, how ever and always fresh supplies were forthcoming; and how at last Hardenbrook, Ally Bazan and Slick Dick stood up from the table in the midst of the seven inert bodies; how then they ransacked the place for the priceless furs; how they failed to locate them; how the conviction grew that this was the wrong place after all, and how at length Hardenbrook discovered the trap-door that admitted to the cellar, where in the dim light of the uplifted lanterns they saw, corded in tiny bales and packages, the costliest furs known to commerce.

Ally Bazan had sobbed in his excitement over that vision and did not regain the power of articulate speech till the

"My son," said Hardenbrook. "I've handled A. B.'s before; and that settled the question."

During the first part of the run down, Nickerson gloomed silently over the schooner, looking curiously about him, now at his comrades' faces, now at the tumbling gray-green seas, now—and this by the hour—at his own hands. He seemed perplexed, dazed, trying very hard to get his bearings. But by and by he appeared, little by little, to come to himself. One day he pointed to the rigging with an unsteady forefinger then laying the same finger doubtfully upon his lips, said to Strokher: "A ship?"

"Quite so, quite so, me boy."

"Yes," muttered Nickerson absently, "a ship—of course."

Hardenbrook expected to make Juneau on a Thursday. Wednesday afternoon Slick Dick came to him. He seemed never more master of himself. "How did I come aboard?" he asked.

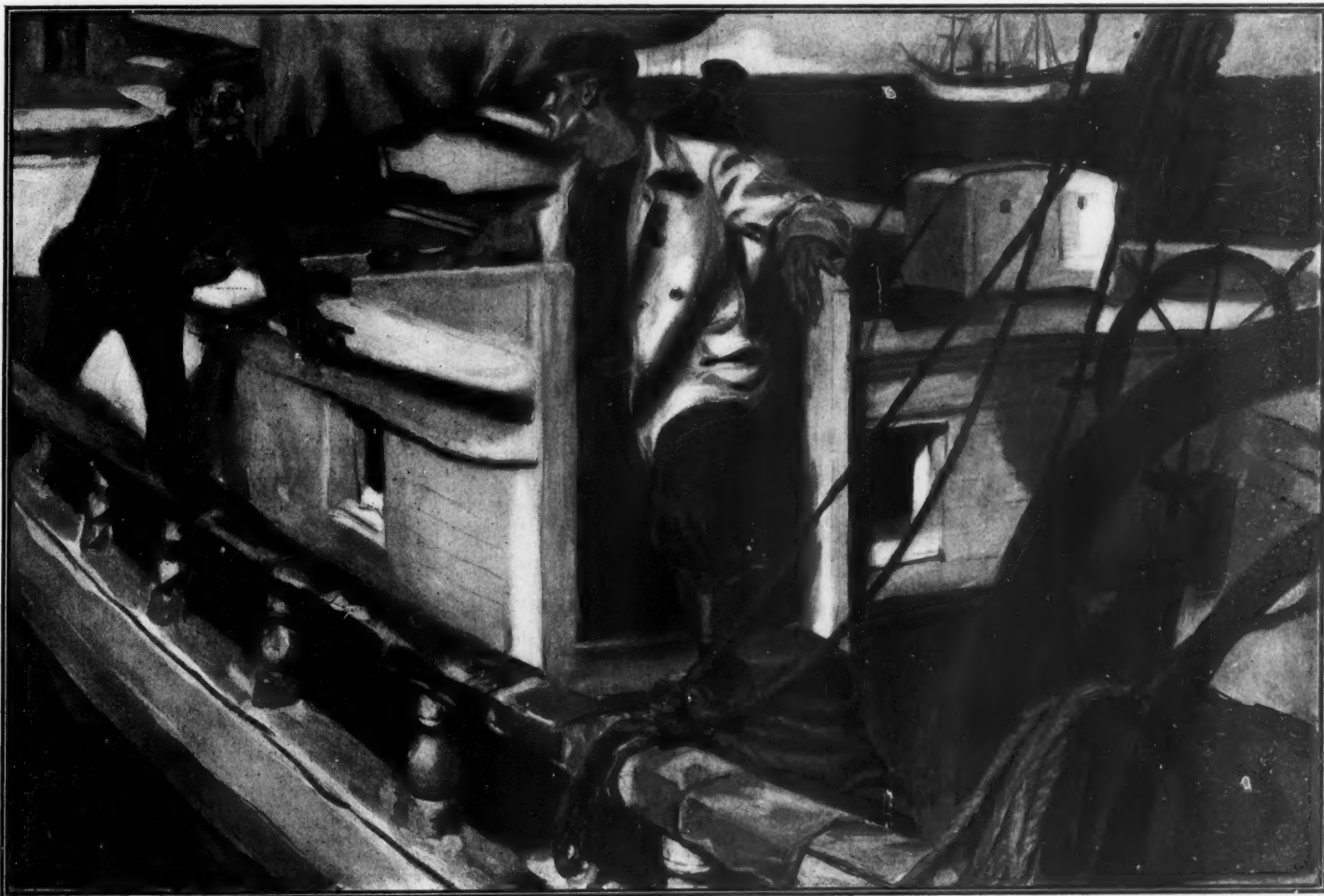
Hardenbrook explained.

"What have we been doing?"

"Why, don't you remember?" continued Hardenbrook. He outlined the voyage in detail. "Then you remember," he went on, "we got up there to Point Barrow and found where the Russian fellows had their post, where they caught sea-otters, and we went ashore and got 'em all full and lifted all the skins they had—"

"Lifted? You mean stole them."

"Come here," said the other. Encouraged by Nickerson's apparent convalescence, Hardenbrook decided that the concrete evidence of things done would prove effective. He led him down into the 'tween decks. "See now," he said. "See this packing-case"—he pried up a board—"see these



"Bust. B-u-s-t!"

reported wreck of a vessel, described by Hardenbrook, with laborious precision, as a steam whaler from San Francisco—the *Tiber* by name, bark-rigged, seven hundred tons burden, Captain Henry Ward Beecher, mate Mr. James Boss Tweed. They, the visitors, were the officers of the relief-ship on the lookout for castaways and survivors.

But in the course of these preliminaries it became necessary to restrain Nickerson—not yet wholly recovered from a recent incursion into the store of Corean champagne. It presented itself to his consideration as facetious to indulge (when speaking to the Russians) in strange and elaborate distortions of speech.

"And she sunk-avitch in a hundred fathom o' water-owski."

"—All on board-erewski."

"—hell of dam' bad storm-onavna."

And he persisted in the idiosyncrasy till Hardenbrook found an excuse for taking him aside and cursing him into a realization of his position.

In the end—invariably—the schooner's company were invited to dine at the post.

It was a strange affair—a strange scene. The coast, flat, gray, dreary beyond all power of expression, lonesome as the interstellar space, and quite as cold, and in all that limitless vastness of the World's Edge, two specks—the hut, its three windows streaming with light, and the tiny schooner rocking in the offing. Over all flared the pallid incandescence of the auroras.

The company drank steadily, and Strokher, listening from the schooner's quarter-deck, heard the shoutings and the songs faintly above the wash and lapping under the counter. Two hours had passed since the moment he guessed that the feast had been laid. A third went by. He grew uneasy. There was no cessation of the noise of carousing. He even

"loot" was safely stowed in the 'tween decks and Hardenbrook had given the order to come about.

"Now," he had observed dryly, "now, lads, it's Hong-Kong—or bust."

The tackle had fouled aloft and the jib hung slatting over the sprit like a collapsed balloon. "Cast off up there, Nick!" called Hardenbrook from the wheel.

Nickerson swung himself into the rigging, crying out in a mincing voice as, holding to a rope's end, he swung around to face the receding hut: "By-bye-skevitch. We've had such a charming evening. Do hope-sky we'll be able to come again-off." And as he spoke the lurch of the *Bertha* twitched his grip from the rope. He fell some thirty feet to the deck, and his head caromed against an iron cleat with a resounding crack.

"Here's luck," observed Hardenbrook, twelve hours later, when Slick Dick, sitting on the edge of his bunk, looked stolidly and with fishy eyes from face to face. "We w'ant quite short-handed enough, it seems."

"Dotty for fair. Dotty for fair," exclaimed Ally Bazan; "clean off 'is nut. I s'y, Dick-ol'-chap, wyke-up jknaow. Buck up. Buck up. Ave a drink."

But Nickerson could only nod his head and murmur: "A few more—consequently—and a good light—" Then his voice died down to unintelligible murmurs.

"We'll have to call at Juneau," decided Hardenbrook two days later. "I don't figure on navigating this 'eere bath-tub to no Hong-Kong whatsoever, with three hands. We gotta to pick up a couple o' A. B.'s in Juneau, if so be we can."

"How about the loot?" objected Strokher. "If one of those hands gets between decks he might smell—a sea-otter, now. I put it to you he might."

'ere skins. Take one in y'r hand. Remember how we found 'em all in the cellar and hyked 'em out while the beggars slept."

"Stole them? You say we got—that is you did—got somebody intoxicated and stole their property, and now you are on your way to dispose of it."

"Oh well, if you want to put it thataway. Sure we did." "I understand. . . . Well. . . . Let's go back on deck. I want to think this out."

The *Bertha Milner* crept into the harbor of Juneau in a fog, with ships' bells tolling on every side, let go her anchor at last in desperation and lay up to wait for the lifting. When this came the Three Crows looked at each other wide-eyed. They made out the drenched town and the dripping hills behind it. The quays, the custom-house, the one hotel and the few ships in the harbor. There were a couple of whalers from 'Frisco, a white, showily painted passenger boat from the same port, a Norwegian bark and a freighter from Seattle grimy with coal-dust. These, however, the *Bertha's* company ignored. Another boat claimed all their attention. In the fog they had let go not a pistol-shot from her anchorage. She lay practically beside them. She was the United States Revenue cutter *Bear*. "But so long as they can't smell sea-otter skin," remarked Hardenbrook, "I don't know that we're any the worse."

"All the syme," observed Ally Bazan, "I don't want to lose no bloomin' tyme a-pecking up aour bloomin' A. B.'s."

"I'll stay aboard and tend the baby," said Hardenbrook with a wink. "You two move along ashore and get what you can—Scoovies for choice. Take Slick Dick with you. I reckon a change o' air might buck him up."

When the three had gone, Hardenbrook, after writing up

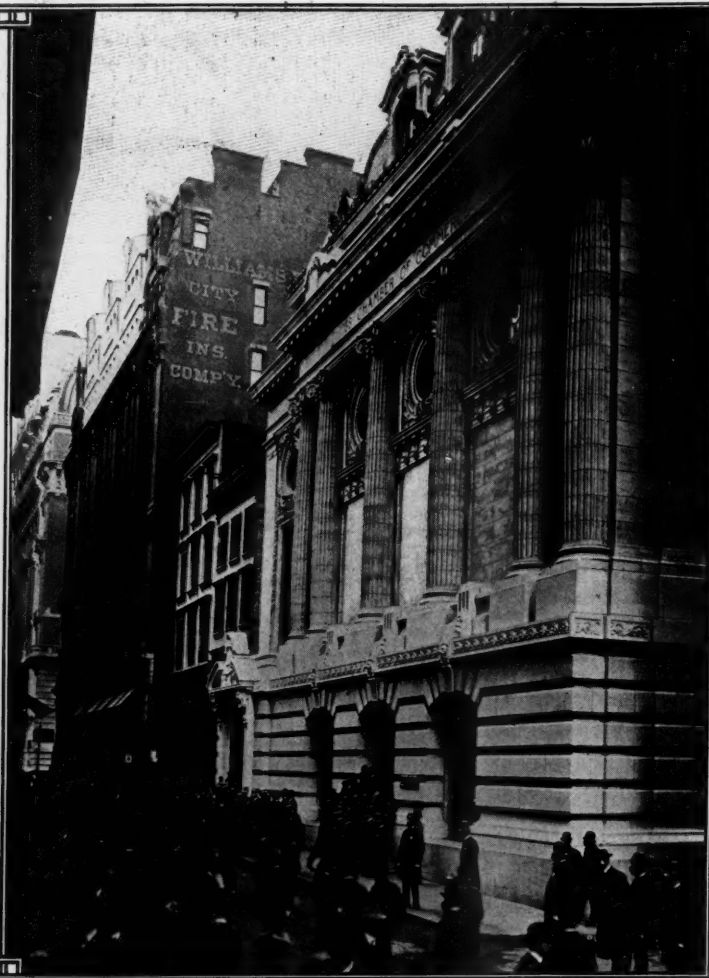
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22)

THE EAST RIVER BRIDGE FIRE

N. Y. CHAMBER OF COMMERCE



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES H. HARE



THE NEW EAST RIVER BRIDGE FIRE

AN ALMOST theatrical transformation scene wrought in the twinkling of an eye occurred at the Manhattan end of the new East River Bridge Monday, November 10. So fierce a fire, so unexpectedly started, so uniquely destructive and so beautiful and dramatic of aspect, is rare even in a city where there have been many great fires. It was fought 355 feet up in the air, at the very top of the tower.

At this point, where the cables for the temporary footbridge used by the workmen crossed to the Brooklyn tower, was a wooden storehouse filled with tools, small barrels of oil, tar and quantities of cotton waste. A huge framework of timber surrounded the pinnacle of the tower for the shelter and protection of the workmen. It was five o'clock in the evening when this beautiful yet appalling spectacle was seen from the street.

To fight the fire was difficult. A battalion chief (Guerin), with an axman and Chief Construction Engineer Martin, climbed the bare steel framework to the top of the tower. To get water to that height the firemen were forced to make what is known in firemen's lingo as a "Siamese" connection. Two engines were fastened to the same hydrant and one of them ran under a steam pressure of 300 pounds, which is the extreme limit and is employed only on extraordinary emergencies.

When the fire had spent its force so that an estimate of the damage could be made, it was found that the temporary footbridge had been destroyed, that two of the four cables had been badly damaged and that in all the ruin wrought footed up to between \$50,000 and \$100,000 and that the work had been put back several months. Toward midnight the flames still presented a weird spectacle against the sky.

THE NEW CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

"THE Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York," which is the official designation of what commonly is spoken of as the New York Chamber of Commerce, has just moved into its new building on the site of the old Real Estate Exchange, Liberty Street and Liberty Place, New York City. This Chamber was instituted in April, 1768, in the old Fraunces Tavern, where, at the close of the Revolution, Washington delivered a farewell address to his officers.

Its new building is worthy of its history. To begin with, in a city of skyscrapers it is not a skyscraper. It is not built as an investment, but as a home for a historic institution. In a part of the city where land for business purposes is at the top-notch value, the Chamber has erected a structure of only four stories and of monumental dignity—wholly in keeping with the serious and dignified purposes of the institution.

The material of which the new Chamber is constructed is white Vermont marble with a base of white granite. The ground-floor is designed for a banking-room and will be rented.

For this banking-room there is a separate entrance. The main entrance is to the left and leads into a large hall 80 by 20 feet, from which a broad stairway leads up. The main room, or Chamber of Commerce, occupies the entire second floor. It is 90 feet long, 60 feet wide and 30 feet high. The windows are 20 feet above the floor, and there is a large skylight. The wall space thus resulting is needed for the numerous portraits owned by the Chamber. Committee, reading and club rooms are on the two upper floors.

The proceedings at the opening of the building were simple and dignified. Morris K. Jesup made a brief address; President Roosevelt greeted the foreign representatives and other distinguished guests; and the principal oration was delivered by former President Cleveland.

A LIBRARY WORTHY OF NEW YORK

FOR YEARS it has been even more than a crying shame—an outrage—that New York, which some time since became the second largest city of the world, has had no public library for the circulation of books worthy a small New England or Western town.

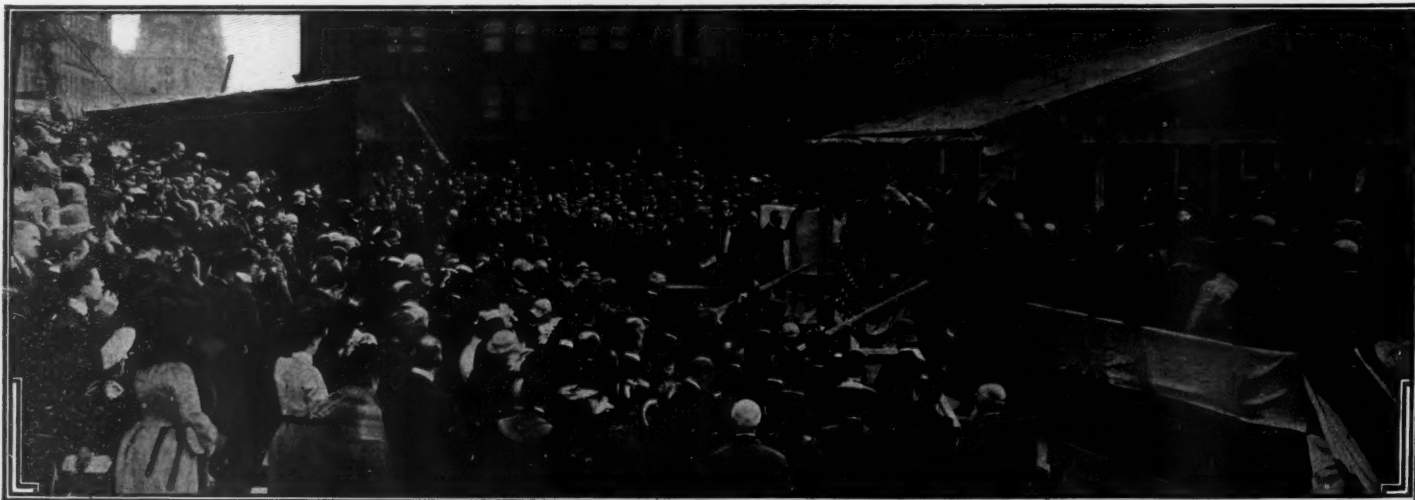
But the projection of a great public library, made possible by the benefaction of the late Samuel J. Tilden, and the common-sense of the trustees of the Astor and Lenox libraries in uniting those properties with the Tilden fund, will give to the reading masses of New York a reading and circulating library second only to the Congressional Library at Washington and two or three European libraries. Furthermore, it actually will be the greatest library under the control of any municipality.

One of the biggest "holes in the ground" in the much-dug-up city is at the magnificent site of this new public structure, to have a frontage of two solid blocks on Fifth Avenue, Fortieth to Forty-second Street, where the old reservoir stood.

The cornerstone was laid on Monday, November 10. Mayor Low in his address made reference not only to this particular building but to the branch circulating libraries which, through Andrew Carnegie's splendid gift of \$5,000,000, will be established all over the city.

The building on Fifth Avenue and Bryant Park, from plans of Carrère & Hastings, has a frontage on the avenue of 455 feet. To a depth of 75 feet this front will be treated as an open approach—a terrace or esplanade with fountains and monuments. The reading-rooms are to be located on the top floor where the light is best. The material of the building is Indiana limestone and its general style the Renaissance.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES H. HARE



LAYING THE CORNERSTONE OF NEW YORK'S NEW PUBLIC LIBRARY

A THANKSGIVING CAMP-MEETING IN THE SOUTH



DRAWN BY S. M. PALMER

THE DEACON'S THANKSGIVING

By FRANK L. STANTON

TALKIN' 'bout Thanksgivin' sorter 'minds me of de day
 W'en we had de fatter turkey ever flopped his wings dis way;
 En 'possum, rimmed wid 'taters, en baked so juicy-brown,
 Kep' de li'l niggers smackin' of dey lips de table roun'!

En we 'lowed: "Sence we a-havin' sich a frolic of a fea'—
 Wid de 'possum in de middle, lookin' glorious wid grease,
 We'll ax de Deacon over; fer dey never wuz a place
 On de tip-top of creation had sich cause fer sayin' grace!"

So, we axed him—seen him comin'—heerd him hummin' of a song;
 But—de Goodness!—he wuz fetchin' all his family erlong!
 His wife, en twenty chillun—'nough ter make a angel grieve!—
 (Wuzn't thankful fer dat blessin' we wuz gwine ter receive!)

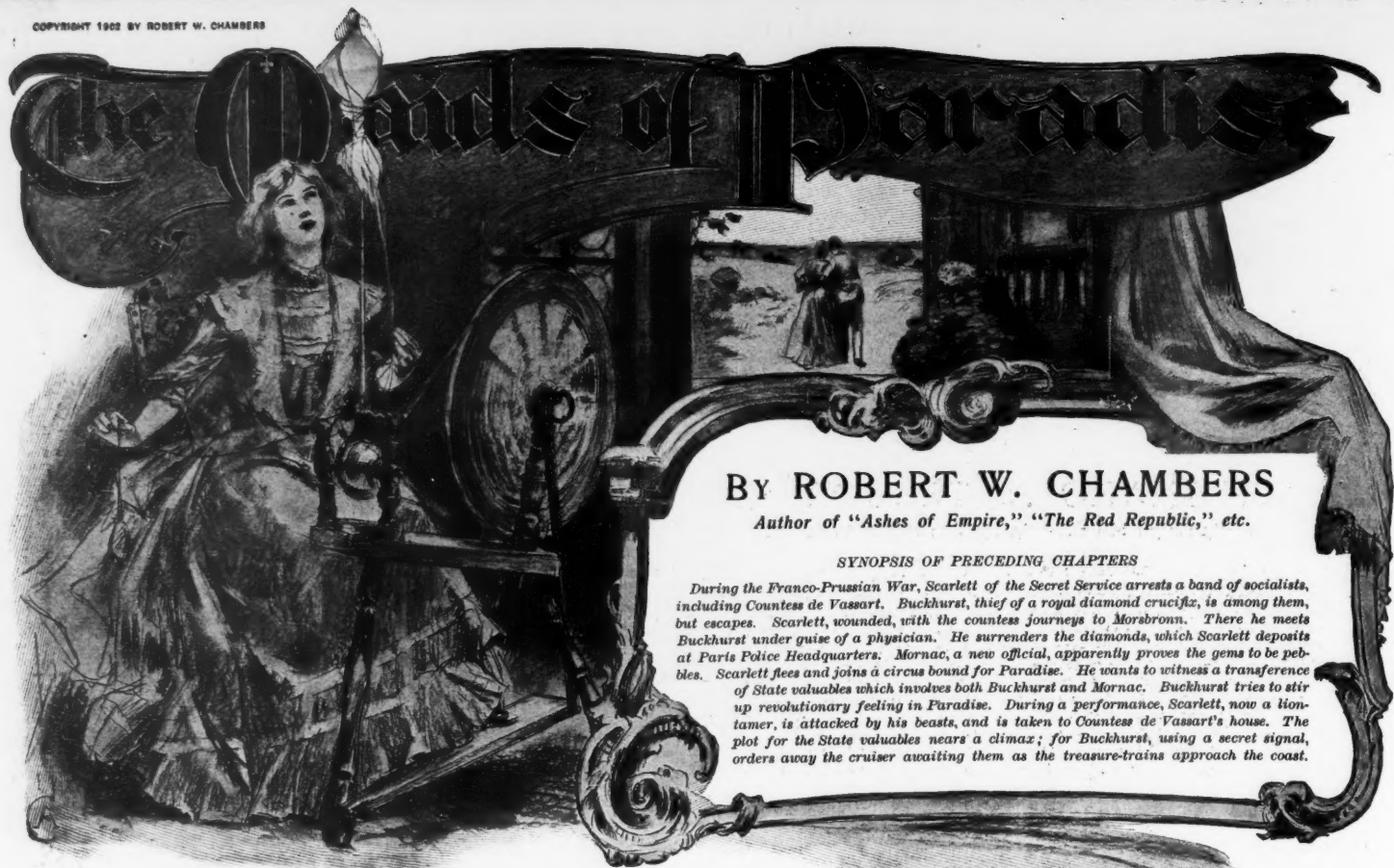
But dey come—de Deacon leadin': chillun lined fum north ter south!
 'Peared ter swaller up de vittels 'fo' dey ever reached dey mouth!

De Deacon axed a blessin' on dat fea', in brownest blossom,
 Wid one eye on de turkey en de yuther on de 'possum!

En den he gone ter cyarvin', en 'twuz den we seen de wusst:
 He helped hisse'f, good people, en de twenty chillun, fust!
 Dey passed dey plates lak lightnin', ez he call 'em all by name,
 'Twell de 'possum wuz a sbadder en de turkey wuz a frame!

We sot dar, all kerflummuxed!—ter think, we give de fea'—
 Dat de turkey look so temptin'—dat de 'possum swimmid in grease—
 De very fatter feller ever clumb a tree in fall,
 En de Deacon—Lawd fergive him!—en his chillun, eat up all!

Den de Deacon say: "Lawd bless you!—I feels lak I could shout!
 I ain't had sich Thanksgivin' sence Freedom time broke out!"
 De chillun, lak a regiment, went flin' out de do',
 De Deacon singin': "Praise de Lawd fum whom all blessin's flow!"



BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Author of "Ashes of Empire," "The Red Republic," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

During the Franco-Prussian War, Scarlett of the Secret Service arrests a band of socialists, including Countess de Vassart. Buckhurst, thief of a royal diamond crucifix, is among them, but escapes. Scarlett, wounded, with the countless journeys to Morsbronn. There he meets Buckhurst under guise of a physician. He surrenders the diamonds, which Scarlett deposits at Paris Police Headquarters. Mornac, a new official, apparently proves the gems to be pebbles. Scarlett flees and joins a circus bound for Paradise. He wants to witness a transference of State valuables which involves both Buckhurst and Mornac. Buckhurst tries to stir up revolutionary feeling in Paradise. During a performance, Scarlett, now a lion-tamer, is attacked by his beasts, and is taken to Countess de Vassart's house. The plot for the State valuables nears a climax; for Buckhurst, using a secret signal, orders away the cruiser awaiting them as the treasure-trains approach the coast.

ILLUSTRATED BY ANDRE CASTAIGNE

CHAPTER XVI

Trecoart Garden

ABOUT NINE O'CLOCK we were summoned by a Breton maid to the pretty breakfast-room below; and I was ashamed to go with my shabby clothes, bandaged head and face the color of clay.

The young countess was not present; Sylvia Elven offered us a supercilious welcome to a breakfast the counterpart of which I had not seen in years—one of those American breakfasts which even we, since the Paris Exposition, are beginning to discard for the simpler French breakfast of coffee and rolls.

"This is all in your honor," observed Sylvia, turning up her nose at the array of poached eggs, fragrant sausages, crisp potatoes, piles of buttered toast, muffins, marmalade and fruit.

"It was very kind of you to think of it," said Speed.

"It is Madame de Vassart's idea, not mine," she observed, looking across the table at me. "Will the gentleman with nine lives have coffee or chocolate?" she asked indifferently.

The fruit consisted of grapes and those winy Breton cider-apples from Bannalec. We began with these in decorous silence.

Speed ventured a few discreet comments on the cultivation of fruit, of which he knew nothing; neither he nor his subject was encouraged.

Presently, however, Sylvia glanced up at him with a malicious smile, saying, "I notice that you have been in the Foreign Division of the Imperial Military Police, monsieur."

"Why do you think so?" asked Speed calmly.

"When you seated yourself in your chair," said Sylvia, "you made a gesture with your left hand—as though to unhook the sabre which was not there."

Speed laughed: "But why the police? I might have been in the cavalry, mademoiselle; for that matter, I might have been an officer in any arm of the service. They all carry swords or sabres."

"But only the military police and the gendarmerie wear aiguillettes," she replied. "When you bend over your plate your fingers are ever unconsciously searching for those swinging gold-tipped cords—to keep them out of your coffee cup, monsieur."

The muscles in Speed's lean, bronzed cheeks tightened; he looked at her keenly. "Might I not have been in the gendarmerie?" he asked. "How do you know I was not?"

"Does the gendarmerie wear the sabre-tache?"

"No, mademoiselle; but—"

"Do the military police?"

"No. That is the Foreign Division did—when it existed."

"You are sitting, monsieur," she said placidly, "with your left foot so far under the table that it quite inadvertently presses my shoe tip."

Speed withdrew his leg with a jerk, asking pardon.

"It is a habit perfectly pardonable in a man who is careful that his spur shall not scratch or tear a patent-leather sabre-tache," she said.

I had absolutely nothing to say; we both laughed feebly, I believe. I saw temptation struggling with Speed's caution; I, too, was almost willing to drop a hint that might change her amusement to speculation if not to alarm.

Looking up from my empty plate, I declined politely; and we followed her signal to rise.

"There is a Mr. Kelly Eyre," she said to Speed, "connected with your circus. Has he gone with the others?"

"Yes, mademoiselle."

"Really?" she mused amiably. "I knew him as a student in Paris when he was very young—and I was younger. I should have liked to see him—once more."

"Did you not see him?" I asked abruptly.

Her back was toward me; very deliberately she turned her pretty head and looked at me over her shoulder, studying my face a moment. "Yes, I saw him. I should have liked to see him—once more," she said, as though she had first calculated the effect on me of a different reply.

She led the way into that small room overlooking the garden where I had been twice received by Madame de Vassart. Here she took leave of us, abandoning us to our own designs. Mine was to find a large armchair and sit down in it, and give Speed a few instructions; Speed's was to prow around Paradise for information, and, if possible, telegraph to L'Orient for troops to catch Buckhurst red-handed.

He left me turning over the leaves of the "Chanson de Roland," saying that he would return in a little while with any news he might pick up; and that he would do his best to catch Buckhurst in the foolish trap which that gentleman had set for others.

Presently I walked into the garden.

Seaward the gulls sailed like white feathers floating; the rocky ramparts of Groix rose, clear-cut against a horizon where no haze curtained the sea; the breakers had receded from the coast on a heavy ebb-tide, and I saw them in frothy outline, noiselessly churning the shallows beyond the outer bar.

And then my reverie ended abruptly; a step on the gravel walk brought me to my feet. . . . There she stood, lovely in a fresh morning gown deeply belted with turquoise-shells, her ruddy hair glistening, coiled low on a neck of snow.

For the first time she showed embarrassment in her greeting, scarcely touching my hand, speaking with a new constraint in a voice which grew colder as she hesitated: "We were frightened; we are so glad that you were not badly hurt. I thought you might find it comfortable here—of course I could not know that you were not seriously injured."

"That is fortunate for me," I said pleasantly, "for I am afraid you would not have offered this shelter if you had known how little injured I really was."

"Yes, I should have offered it—had I reason to believe you would have accepted. I have felt that perhaps you might think what I have done was unwarranted."

"I think you did the most graciously unselfish thing a woman could do," I said quickly; "you offered your best, and the man who took it can not—dare not express his gratitude—"

The emotion in my voice warned me to cease; the faintest color tinted her cheeks, and she looked at me with beautiful grave eyes that slowly grew inscrutable, leaving me standing diffident and silent before her.

The breeze shifted, bringing with it the hollow sea-thunder. She turned her head and glanced out across the ocean, hands behind her, fingers linked.

"I have come here into your garden, uninvited," I said.

"Shall we sit here—a moment?" she suggested without turning.

Presently she seated herself in one corner of the bench; her gaze wandered over the partly blighted garden, then once more centred on the seaward sky-line. The color of her hands, her neck, fascinated me. That flesh texture of snow and roses, firmly and delicately modelled, which sometimes is seen with red hair, I had seen once before in a picture by a Spanish master—but never, until now, in real life.

"Autumn is already gone; we are close to winter," she said under her breath. "See, there is nothing left—scarcely

a blossom—a rose or two; but the first frost will scatter the petals. Look at the pinks; look at the dead leaves. Ah, tristesse, tristesse! The life of summer is too short—the life of flowers is too short; so are our lives, Monsieur Scarlett. Do you believe it?"

"Yes—now."

She was very still for a while, her head bent toward the sea. Then, without turning: "Have you not always believed it?"

"No, madame."

"Then . . . why do you believe it . . . now?"

"Because, since we have become friends, life seems pitifully short for such a friendship."

She smiled without moving. "That is a . . . very beautiful . . . compliment, monsieur."

"It owes its beauty to its truth, madame."

"—And that reply is illogical," she said; turning to look at me with brilliant eyes and a gay smile which emphasized the sensitive mouth's faint droop;—"illogical because truth is not always beautiful. As example: you were very near to death, yesterday. That is the truth—but it is not beautiful at all."

"Ah, madame, it is you who are illogical," I said, laughing.

"I?" she cried. "Prove it!"

But I would not, spite of her challenge and bright mockery. In that flash, all of our comradeship returned, bringing with it something new which I dared not think was intimacy. Yet constraint fell away like a curtain between us, and though she dominated, and I was afraid lest I overstep limits which I myself had set, the charm of her careless confidence, her pretty undisciplined caprices, her pleasure in a delicately intimate badinage, gave me something of a self-reliance, a freedom that I had not known in a woman's presence for many years.

"We brought you here because we thought it was good for you," she said, reverting maliciously to the theme that had at first embarrassed her. "We were perfectly certain that you have always been unfit to take care of yourself. Now we have the proofs."

"Mademoiselle Elven said that you harbored us only because you were afraid of these bandits who have arrived in Paradise," I observed.

"Afraid!" she said scornfully. "Oh, you are making fun of me now. Indeed, when Mr. Buckhurst came last night I had my men conduct him to the outer gate!"

"Did he come last night?" I asked, troubled.

"Yes." She shrugged her pretty shoulders.

"Alone?"

"That unspeakable man, Mornac, was with him. I had no idea he was here, had you?"

I was silent. Did Mornac mean trouble for me? Yet how could he, shorn now of all authority?

The thought seemed to occur to her, too, and she looked up quickly, asking if I had anything to fear.

"Only for you," I said.

"For me? Why? I am not afraid of such men. I have servants on whom I can call to disembarass me of such people." She hesitated; the memory of her deception, of what she had suffered at Buckhurst's hands, brought a glint of anger into her beautiful eyes. "My innocence shames me," she said; "I merited what I received in such company. It was you who saved me from myself."

"A noble mind thinks nobly," I said; "theirs is the shame, not yours, that you could not understand treachery—that you never can understand it. As for me, I was an accident, which warned you in time that all the world was not as good and true as you desired to believe it."

She sat looking at me curiously. "I wonder," she said, "why it is that you do not know your own . . . value?"

"My value—to whom?"

"To . . . everybody—to the world—to people."

"Am I of any value to you, madame?"

The pulsing moments passed and she did not answer; and I bit my lips and waited. At last she said coolly: "A man

must appraise himself, if he chooses he is valuable. But values are comparative and depend on individual taste. . . . Yes, you are of some value to me . . . or I should not be here with you . . . or I should not find it my pleasure to be here—or I should not trust you, come to you with my petty troubles, ask your experience to help me—perhaps protect me." She bent her head with adorable diffidence: "Monsieur Scarlett, I have never before had a friend who thought first of me and last of himself."

I leaned on the back of the bench, resting my bandaged forehead on my hand.

She looked up after a moment, and her face grew serious. "Are you suffering?" she asked. "Your face is white as my sleeve."

"I feel curiously tired," I said, smiling.

"Then you must have some tea, and I will brew it myself. You shall not object! No—it is useless because I am determined. And you shall lie down in the little tea-room—where I found you that day—when you first came to Trécourt—"

"I shall be very happy to do anything—if you are there."

"Even drink tea when you abhor it? Then I certainly ought to reward you with my presence at the rite. . . . Are you dizzy? You are terribly pale. . . . Would you lean on my arm?"

I was not dizzy, but I did so; and if such deceit is not pardonable, there is no justice in this world or in the next.

The tea was hot and harmless; I lay thinking while she sat in the sunny window-corner, nibbling biscuit and marmalade and watching me gravely.

"My appetite is dreadful in these days," she said; "age increases it. I have just had my chocolate, yet here I am eating like a school-girl. . . . I have a strange idea that I am exceedingly young . . . that I am just beginning to live." That tired, thin, shabby girl you saw at La Trappe was certainly not I. . . . And long before that—before I knew you—there was another impersonal, half-awakened creature who watched the world surging and receding around her—who grew tired even of violets and bonbons, tired of the companionship of the indifferent, hurt by the intimacy of the unfriendly; and I cannot believe that she was I. . . . Can you?"

"I can believe it; I once saw you, then," I said.

She looked up quickly. "Where?"

"In Paris."

"When?"

"The day that they received the news from Mexico. You sat in your carriage before the gates of the War Office."

"I remember," she said, staring at me. Then a slight shudder passed over her. Presently she said: "Did you know me afterward at La Trappe?"

"Yes . . . you had grown more beautiful."

She colored and bent her head. "You remembered me all that time? . . . But why didn't you—didn't you?" She laughed nervously;—"why didn't we know each other in those years? Truly, Monsieur Scarlett, I needed a friend then if ever . . . a friend who thought first of me and last of himself."

I did not answer.

"Fancy," she continued, "your passing me so long ago . . . and I totally unconscious, sitting there in my carriage . . . never dreaming of this friendship which I . . . care for so much. . . . Do you remember at La Trappe what I told you, there on the staircase—how sometimes the impulse used to come to me when I saw a kindly face in the street, to cry out, 'Be friends with me!' Do you remember? . . . It is strange that I did not feel that impulse when you passed me that day in Paris—feel even though I did not see you, for I sorely needed kindness then—kindness and wisdom and both passed me by, at my elbow . . . and I did not know." She bent her head, smiling with an effort. "You should have thrown yourself astride the horse and galloped away with me. . . . They did those things once, Monsieur Scarlett—on this very spot, too, in the days of the Saxon pirates—"

The whirring monotone of the spinning-wheel suddenly filled the house; Sylvia was singing at her wheel:

"Woe to the maids of Paradise!
Yvonne!
Twice have the Saxons landed; twice!
Yvonne!
Yet shall Paradise see them thrice,
Yvonne, Yvonne, Marivonik!"

"The prophecy of that Breton spinning song is being fulfilled," I said. "For the third time we Saxons have come to Paradise, you see."

"But this time our Saxons are not very formidable," she said, raising her beautiful gray eyes "and the gwerz says, 'Woe to the Maids of Paradise!' Do you intend to bring woe upon us Maids of Paradise—do you come to carry us off, monsieur?"

"If you will go with—me," I said, smiling.

"All of us?"

"Only one, madame."

She started to speak, then her eyes fell; she laughed uncertainly: "Which one among us, if you please—mizilour skler ha brilliant deuz arfideliet?"

"—Met na varwin Ket Kontant, ma na varwan fidel," I said slowly, as the words of the song came back to me; "I shall choose only the fairest and loveliest, madame. You know it is always that way in the story." My voice was not perfectly steady; nor was hers when she smiled and wished me happiness and a long life with the maid of Paradise I had chosen, even though I took her by force.

Then constraint crept in between us; and I was grimly weighing the friendship this woman had given me—weighing it in the balance against a single hope. Once she looked across at me with questioning eyes in which I thought I read dawning disappointment. It almost terrified me. . . . I could not lose her confidence. . . . I could not, and go through life without it. . . . But I could live a hopeless life to its end with that confidence. . . . And I must do so . . . and be content.

"I suppose," said I, thinking aloud, "that I had better go to England."

"When?" she asked, without raising her head.

"In a day or two. I can find employment there, I think."

"Is it necessary that you find employment . . . so soon?"

"Yes," I said, with a meaningless laugh, "I fear it is."

"What will you do?"

"Oh the army—horses—something of that kind. Riding-master, perhaps—perhaps Scotland Yard. I may not be able to pick and choose. . . . If I ever save enough money for the voyage, perhaps you would let me come, once in a long while—to pay my respects, madame—"

"Yes . . . come—if you wish."

She said no more, nor did I. Presently Sylvia appeared with a peasant woman, and the young countess went away, followed by the housekeeper with her keys at her girdle.

I rose and walked to the window; then, nerveless and depressed, I went out into the garden again to smoke a cigar.

Immediately I was aware of a young girl, a child, seated on the rocks, her chin propped on her hands, the sea-wind blowing her curly elf-locks across her cheeks and eyes. A bundle tied in a handkerchief lay beside her; a cat dozed in her lap, its sleek fur stirring in the wind.

"Jacqueline!" I said gently.

She raised her head; the movement awakened the cat, who stood up in her lap, stretching and yawning vigorously.

"I thought you were to sail from L'Orient to-day?"

The cat stopped purring from her knees; the child rose, pushing back her hair from her eyes with both slender hands.

"Where is Speed?" she asked drowsily.

"Did you want to see him, Jacqueline?"

"That is why I returned."

"To see Speed?"

"Parbleu."

"And you are going to let the others sail without you?"

"Yes."

"—And give up the circus forever, Jacqueline?"

"Yes."

"Just because you want to see Speed?"

"Only for that." She stood rubbing her eyes with her small fists as though just awakened. "Oui," she said without emotion, "c'est comme ça, m'sieu. Where the heart is, happiness lies. I left the others at the city gate; I said, 'Voyons, let us be reasonable, gentlemen. I am unhappy in your circus; I am happy with Speed; I can be contented without your circus, but I cannot be contented without Speed. Voilà' . . . And then I went."

"You walked back all the way from L'Orient?"

"Bien sûr! I have no carriage—I, Jacqueline." She stretched her slim figure, raised her arms slowly and yawned.

"Pardon," she murmured, "I have slept in the gorse—badly."

"Come into the garden," I said; "we can talk while you rest."

She thanked me tranquilly, picked up her bundle and followed me with a slight limp. The cat, tail up, came behind.

The young countess was standing at the window as we approached in solemn single file along the path; and when she caught sight of us she opened the door and stepped out on the tiny porch. "Why, this is our little Jacqueline," she said quickly. "They have taken your father for the conscription, have they not, my child? And now you are homeless!"

"I think so, madame."

"Then you will stay with me until he returns—won't you, little one?"

There was a moment's pause; Jacqueline made a grave gesture: "This is my cat, madame—Ange Pitou."

The countess stared at the cat, then broke out into the prettiest peal of laughter. "Of course you must bring your cat! My invitation is also for Ange Pitou, you understand."

"Then we thank you, and permit ourselves to accept, madame," said Jacqueline, greatly relieved. "We are very glad because we are quite hungry, and we have thorns from the gorse in our feet—"

She broke off with a joyous little cry: "There is Speed!" And Speed, entering the garden hurriedly, stopped short in his tracks, radiant.

The child ran to him and threw both arms around his neck in her excitement. "Oh, Speed! Speed!" she stammered over and over again, "I was too lonely; I will do what you wish; I will be instructed in the graces of education—truly I will. I am glad to come back—and I am so tired, Speed. I will never go away from you again. . . . Oh, Speed, I am contented . . . do you love me?"

"Dearly, little sweetheart," he said huskily, trying to steady his voice. "The! Madame the countess is waiting. All will be well now." He turned smiling toward the young countess and lifted his hat, then stepped back and fixed me with a blank look of dismay which said perfectly plainly that he had unpleasant news to communicate. The countess, I think, saw that look, too, for she gave me an almost imperceptible nod and took Jacqueline's hand in hers.

"If there are thorns in your feet we must find them," she said sweetly. "Will you come, Jacqueline?"

"Yes, madame," said the child with an adoring smile at Speed, who bent and kissed her upturned face as she passed.

They went into the house, the countess holding Jacqueline's thorn-scratched hand, the cat following, perfectly self-possessed, to the porch, where she halted and sat down, surveying the landscape with dignified indifference.

"Well," said I, turning to Speed, "what new devilry is going on in Paradise now?"

"Preparations for train-wrecking, I should say," he replied bluntly; "they are tinkering with the trestle. Buckhurst's ragamuffins have just seized the railroad station at Rose-Sainte-Anne—where the main line crosses, you know, near the ravine at Lamerin. I was sure there was something extraordinary going to happen, so I went down to the river, hailed Jeanne Rolland, the passeur, and had her ferry me over to Bois-Gilbert. Then I made for the telegraph, gave the operator ten francs to let me work the keys, and called up the Arsenal at L'Orient. But it was no use, Scarlett, the governor of L'Orient can't spare a soldier—not a single gendarme. It seems that uhlands have been signalled north of Quimper, and L'Orient is frantic, and the garrison is preparing to stand siege."

"You mean," I said indignantly, "that they're not going to try to catch Buckhurst and Mornac?"

"That's what I mean; they're scared as rabbits over these rumors of uhlands in the west and north."

"Well," said I, disgusted, "it appears to me that Buckhurst is going to get off scot free this time—and Mornac, too! Did you know that Mornac was here?"

"Know it? I saw him an hour ago, marshalling a new company of malcontents in the square—a bad lot, Scarlett—deserters from Chanzy's army, from Bourbaki, from Garibaldi—a hundred or more line soldiers, dragoons without horses, franc-tireurs, Garibaldians, even a Turco from Heaven knows where—bad soldiers who disgrace France—marauders, cowardly skulking mobiles—a sweet lot, Scarlett, to be let loose in Madame de Vassart's vicinity."

"I think so, too," I said seriously.

"And I earnestly agree with you," muttered Speed.

"That's all I have to report—except that your friend,

Robert the Lizard, is out yonder—flat on his belly under a gorse-bush; and he wants to see you."

"The Lizard!" I exclaimed. "Come on, Speed. Where is he?"

"Yonder, clothed in somebody's line uniform. He's one of them. Scarlett, do you trust him? He has a rifle."

"Yes, yes," I said impatiently. "Come on, man! It's all right; the fellow is watching Buckhurst for me." And I gave Speed a nervous push toward the moors. We started, Speed ostentatiously placing his revolver in his side-pocket so that he could shoot through his coat if necessary; I walked beside him, closely scanning the stretch of open moor for a sign of life, knowing all the while that it is easier to catch moonbeams in a net than to find a poacher in the bracken. But Speed had marked him down as he might mark a squatting quail; and suddenly we flushed him, rifle clapped to his shoulder.

"None of that, my friend," growled Speed; but the poacher, at sight of me, had already lowered the weapon.

I greeted him frankly, offering my hand; he took it, then his hard fist fell away and he touched his cap.

"I have done what you wanted," he said sullenly; "I have the company's rolls—here they are." He dragged from his baggy trousers pockets a mass of filthy papers, closely covered with smeared writing. "Here is the money, too," he said, flashing in the other pocket; and, to my astonishment, he produced a flattened soiled mass of banknotes. "Count it," he added calmly.

"What money is that?" I asked, taking it reluctantly.

"Didn't you warn me to get that box?—the steel box that Tric-Trac sat down on when he saw me?"

"Is that money from the box?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, m'sieu. I could not bring the box—and there had been enough blood shed over it already. Besides, when Buckhurst broke it open there was only a bit of iron for the scrap-heap left."

I touched Speed's arm to call his attention; the poacher shrugged his shoulders and continued: "Tric-Trac made no ceremony with me; he told me that he and Buckhurst had settled this Dr. Dumont—and the other—the professor—Tavernier—"

"Murdered them?" muttered Speed.

"Dame—the coup du Pere François is murder I suppose."

Speed turned to me. "That's the argot for strangling," he said grimly.

"Go on," I motioned to the poacher. "How did you get the money?"

"Oh, pour ça—in my turn I turned sonneur," he replied, with a savage smile.

A sonneur, in thieves' slang, is a creature of the footpad type who, tripping his victim flat, seizes him by the shoulders and beats his head against the pavement until he renders him unconscious—if he doesn't kill him.

"It was pay-day," continued the Lizard; "Buckhurst opened the box and I heard him; he hammered it open with a cold chisel. I was standing guard on the forest's edge; I crept back, hearing the hammering and the little bell ringing the Angelus of Tric-Trac. It was close to dusk; by the time he got into the box it was dark in the woods; and it was easy to jump on his back and strike—not very hard, m'sieu—but I tell you Buckhurst lay for two days with eyes like a sick owl! He knew one of his own men had done it; he never said a word, but I know he thinks it was Tric-Trac. . . . And when he is ready—bon soir, Tric-Trac!" He drew his right hand across his corded throat with a horribly suggestive motion; Speed watched him narrowly.

I asked the poacher why Buckhurst had come to Paradise and why his banditti had seized the railroad at Rose-Sainte-Anne.

"Ah," cried the Lizard with a ferocious leer, "that is the kennel under the limpet's tent! And I have uncovered it."

He stretched out his powerful arm toward the sea: "Where is that cruiser, m'sieu? Gone? Yes, but who sent her off? Buckhurst with his new signal book! Where? In chase of a sea-swallow or a frigate (bird)—who knows? Listen, messieurs! We are to wreck the train for Brest to-night. Do you comprehend?"

"Where?" I asked quietly.

"Just where the trestle at Lamerin crosses the ravine below the house of Josephine Tanguy!"

Speed looked around at me: "It's the treasure train from L'Orient. They're probably sending the crown diamonds back to Brest in view of the uhlands being seen near Quimper."

"On a false order?"

"I believe so; I believe that Buckhurst sent the cruiser to Brest, and now he's started the treasure trains back to Brest in a panic."

"That is the truth," said the Lizard; "Tric-Trac told me. They have the code-book of Mornac—" His eyes began to light up with that terrible anger as the name of his blood enemy fell from his lips; his nose twitched; his upper lip wrinkled in a snarl.

I thought quietly for a moment, then asked the poacher whether there was a guard at the semaphore of Saint-Yssel.

"Yes, the soldier Rolland, who says he understands the telegraph—a sot from Morlaix—" He hesitated, and looked across the open moor toward Paradise.

"I must go," he muttered; "I am on guard yonder."

I offered him my hand again; he took it, looking me sincerely in the eyes. "Let your private wrongs wait a little longer," I said. "I think we can catch Buckhurst and Mornac alive. Do you promise?"

"Y-es," he replied.

Speed walked slowly toward a half-buried boulder and sat down, out of earshot.

"For your sake," said the poacher, clutching my hand in a tightening grip, "for your sake I have let Mornac go—let him pass me at arm's-length—and did not strike. You have dealt openly by me—and justly. No man can say I betrayed friendship. But I swear to you that if you miss him this time, I shall not miss—I, Robert the Lizard!"

"You mean to kill Mornac?" I asked.

His eyes blazed. "Ami," he said, "I once spoke of 'a little red deer'—and you half understood me; for you are wise in strange ways—as I am."

"I remember," I said.

His strong fingers closed tighter on my hand: "Woman—or doe—it's all one now; and I am out of prison—the prison he sent me to! Do you understand that he wronged me—me, the soldier Garenne, in garrison at Vincennes, he the officer, the aristocrat!"

He choked, crushing my hand in a spasmodic grip: "Ami,



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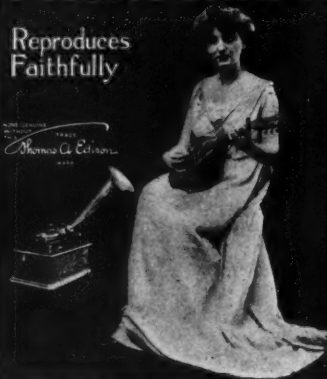


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the little red deer was beautiful—to me. He took her—the doe—a silly maid of Paradise—and I was in irons, m'sieu—for three years." He glared at vacancy, tears falling from his staring eyes.

"Your wife?" I asked quietly.

"Yes, ami." He dropped my numbed fingers and rubbed his eyes with the back of his big hand.

"Then—Jacqueline is not your little daughter?" I asked gravely.

"Hers—not mine. That has been the most terrible of all for me—since she died—died so young, too, m'sieu—and all alone—in Paris. If he had not done that—if he had been kind to her!—and she was only a child, ami—yet he left her."

All the ferocity in his eyes was gone; he raised a vacant, grief-lined visage to meet mine and stood stupidly, heavy hands hanging. Then, shoulders sloping, he shambled off into the thicket, trailing his battered rifle.

When he was very far away I motioned to Speed. "I think," said I, "that we had better try to do something at the semaphore if we are going to stop that train in time."

CHAPTER XVII

The Semaphore

THE telegraph station at the semaphore was a little square stone hut, roofed with slate, perched high on the cliffs. When Speed and I emerged from the golden gorge into plain view, a sentinel stopped in his tracks, shoved his big red hands into his trousers pockets, and regarded us sulkily.

"What are you going to do with this gentleman?" whispered Speed.

"Reason with him—first," I said; "a lout is worth a dozen kicks. . . . Are you the soldier, Rolland?" I asked.

He admitted that he was with prompt profanity. I drew a hundred-franc note from the soiled roll the Lizard had intrusted to me and displayed it for the sentinel's inspection.

"Is that for me?" he demanded, unconvinced, plainly suspicious of being ridiculed.

"Under certain conditions," I said, "these five louis are for you."

The soldier winked: "I know what you want; you want to go in yonder and use the telegraph. What the devil," he burst out, "do all you bourgeois want with that telegraph in there?"

"Has anybody else asked to use it?" I inquired, disturbed.

"Anybody else?" he mimicked. "Well, I think there is; there's somebody in there now—a lady; she comes often; she gives ten francs each time. Zut!—what is ten francs when a gentleman gives a hundred!" The miserable creature cocked his forage-cap with a toothless smirk and twisted his scant mustache.

"Who is this lady who pays you ten francs?" I asked.

"I do not know her name; but," he added with an offensive leer, "she's worth looking over by gentlemen like you. Do you want to see her? She's in there click-clicking away on the key with her pretty little fingers—bon sang! a morsel for a king, gentlemen—"

"Wait here," I said, disgusted, and walked toward the stone station.

The treacherous cur came running after me: "There's a side door," he whispered; "step in there behind the partition and take a look at her. She'll be done directly; she never stays more than fifteen minutes. Then you can use the telegraph at your pleasure, captain."

The side door was partly open; I stepped in noiselessly and found myself in a small dusky closet, partitioned from the telegraph office. Immediately the rapid clicking of the Morse instrument came to my ears, and mechanically I read the message by the sound as it rattled on under the fingers of an expert:

"Must have already found out that the signals were not authorized by the government. Before the *Fer-de-Lance* returns to her station, the German cruiser ought to intercept her off Groix. Did you arrange for this?"

There was a moment's silence, then back came rattling the reply in the Morse code, but in German:

"Yes, all is arranged. The *Augusta* took a French merchant vessel off Pont-Aven yesterday. The *Augusta* ought to pass Groix this evening. You are to burn three white lights from Point Paradise if a landing party is needed. It rests with you entirely."

Another silence; then the operator in the next room began:

"You say that L'Orient is alarmed by

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rumors of uhlans, and therefore sends the treasure train back to Brest. The train, you assure me, carries the diamonds of the crown, bar silver, gold, the Venues of Milo, and ten battle-flags from the Invalides. Am I correct?"

"Yes."

"The insurgents here under an individual in our pay, one John Buckhurst, are preparing to wreck the train at the Lammerin trestle."

"If the *Augusta* can reach Point Paradise to-night, a landing party could easily scatter these insurgents, seize the treasures and disembark in safety."

"There is, you declare, nothing to fear from L'Orient; the only thing then to be dreaded is the appearance of the *Fer-de-Lance* off Groix. She is not now in sight; I will notify you if she appears. If she does not come, I will burn three white lights in triangle on Paradise headland."

A short pause, then:

"Are there any Prussian cavalry near enough to help us?"

And the answer:

"Prussian dragoons are scouting toward Bannalec. I will send a messenger to them if I can. This is all. Be careful. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," clicked the instrument in the next room. There was a rustle of skirts, a tap of small shoes on the stone floor. I leaned forward and looked through the little partition window; Sylvia Elven stood by the table, quietly drawing on her gloves. Her face was flushed and thoughtful.

Slowly she walked toward the door, hesitated, turned, hurried back to the instrument and set the switch. Then without seating herself she leaned over and gave the station call—three "S's":

"I forgot to say that the two Yankee officers of military police, Scarlett and Speed, are a harmless pair. You have nothing to fear from them. Good-bye."

And the reply:

"Watch them all the same. Be careful, madame; they are Yankees. Good-bye."

When she had gone, closing the outer door behind her, I sprang to the key, switched on, rattled out the three "S's" and got my man probably before he had taken three steps from his table.

"I forgot to say," I telegraphed, using a light, rapid touch to imitate Sylvia's—"I forgot to say that, in case the treasure train is held back to-night, the *Augusta* must run for the English Channel."

"What's that?" came back the jerky reply.

I repeated.

"Donnerwetter!" rattled the wires, "the entire French ironclad fleet is looking for her."

"And I hope they catch her," I telegraphed.

"Are you crazy?" came the frantic reply.

"Who are you?"

"A Yankee, idiot!" I replied. "Run for your life, you hopeless ass!"

There was, of course, no reply, though I sent a few jocular remarks flying after what must have been the most horrified German spy south of Metz.

Then, at a venture, I set the switch on the Arsenal line, got a quick reply, and succeeded in alarming them sufficiently, I think; for, in a few moments, I was telegraphing directly to the Governor of L'Orient, and the wires grew hot with an interchange of observations which resulted in my running to the locker, tumbling out all the signal bunting, cones and balls, sorting five flags, two red cones and a ball, and hastening out to the semaphore.

Speed and the soldier, Rolland, saw me set the cones, hoist away, break out the flags on the halliards, and finally drop the white arm of the semaphore. I had set the signal for the *Fer-de-Lance* to land in force, and wipe Buckhurst and his grotesque crew from the face of the earth.

"Rolland," I said, "here is another hundred francs. Watch that halliard and guard it. To-night you will string seven of those little lamps on this other halliard, light them, hoist them, and then go up that tower and light the three red lamps on the left."

"Tendu," he said promptly.

"If you do it I will give you two hundred francs to-morrow. Is it a bargain?"

The soldier broke out into a torrent of promises which I cut short: "That lady will never come here again, I think. If she does, she must not touch those halliards. Do you hear? If she offers you money, remember I will double it. But, Rolland, if you lie to me I will have you killed as the Bretons kill pigs; you understand how that is done?"

He said that he understood, and followed us, fawning and whining his cowardly promises of fidelity until we ordered the wretch back to the post which he had already twice betrayed and would certainly betray again if the opportunity offered.

Walking fast over the springy heath, I told Speed briefly what I had done—that the treasure train would not now leave L'Orient, that as soon as the *Fer-de-Lance* came in sight of the semaphore Buckhurst's game must come to an end.

Far ahead of us we saw the flutter of a light dress on the moor. Sylvia Elven, the spy, was going home.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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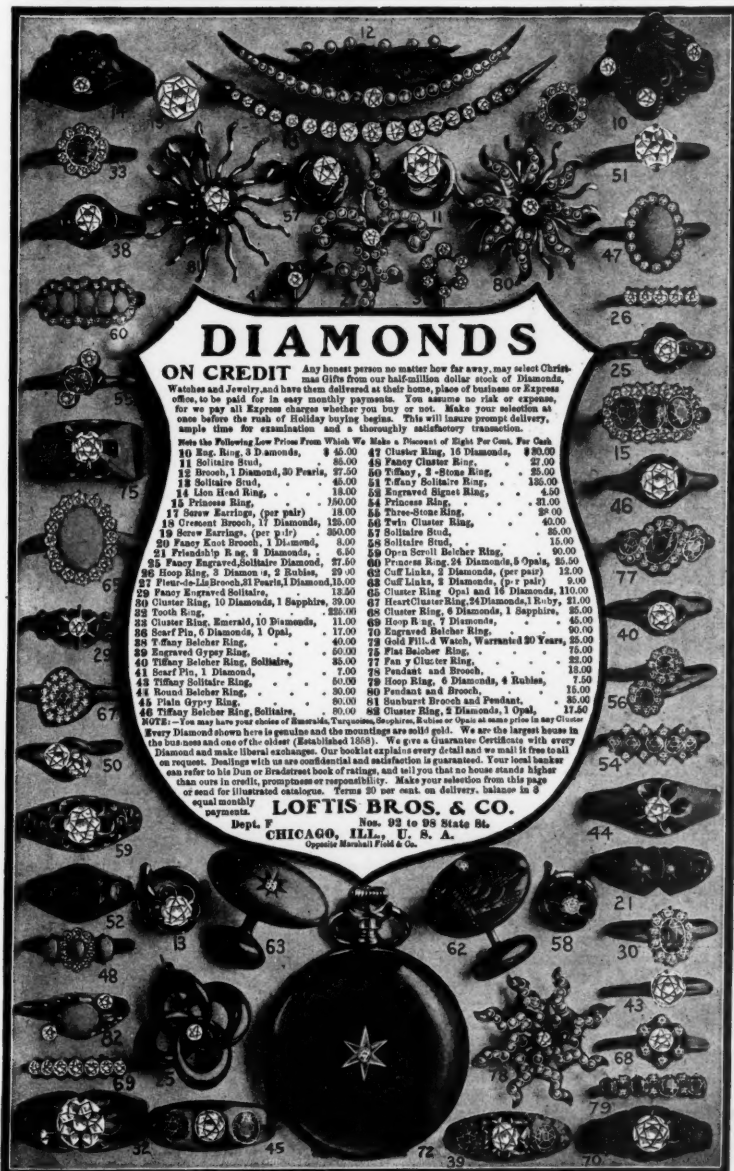
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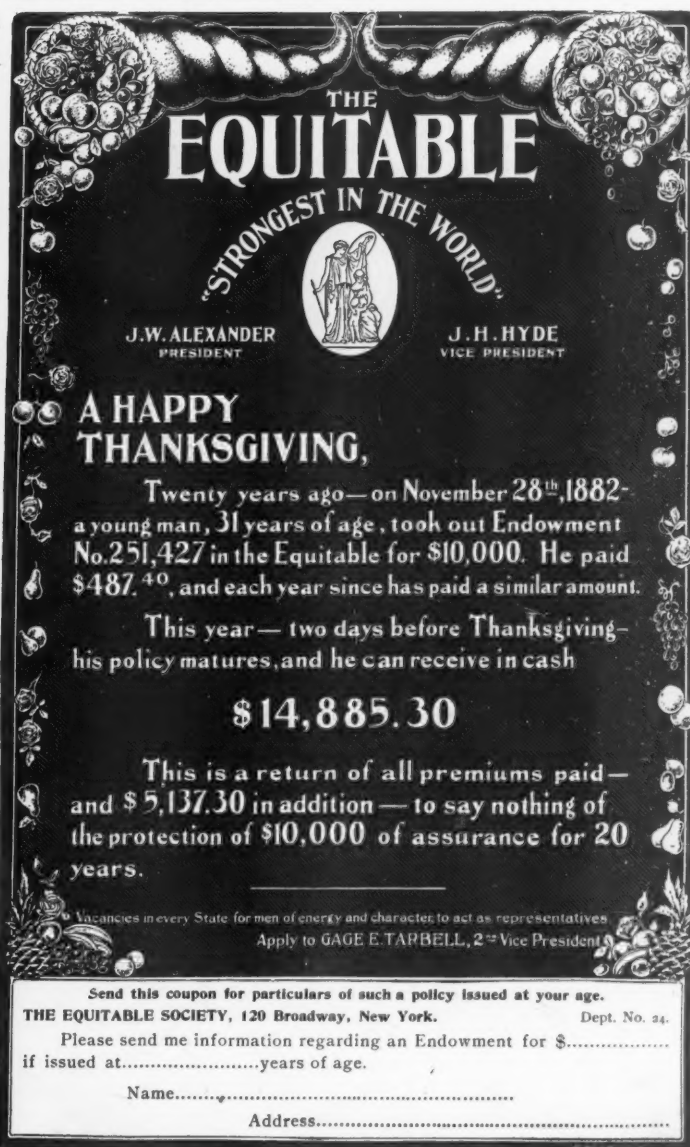
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THE THANKSGIVING DINNER

By ISABEL GORDON CURTIS

I DIFFERED perceptibly the other day from a woman who assured me it was impossible to provide a good Thanksgiving dinner for less than ten dollars. She was not an extravagant housekeeper; she was merely one of those lavish Americans who think the honoring of our national festival lies in stuffing her guests to the verge of repletion.

Allow me to count the cost of what I should call a good Thanksgiving dinner for a family of ten, one which would be suitable for a housewife of moderate means—the woman, for instance, who does her work with the aid of one maid or perhaps without help. The menu and cost might be as follows:

Olives	Fruit Salad in Orange Cups	Salted Peanuts
Roast Turkey, Cranberry Jelly		
Mashed Potatoes	Onions in Cream	
	Waldorf Salad	
Pumpkin Pie	Cheese	Mince Pie
Pomegranate Ice	Little Snow Cakes	
	Coffee	

Groceries.—3 pounds sugar, 15 cents; bottle olives, 20 cents; 2 quarts peanuts, 8 cents; 1 pound cheese, 20 cents; $\frac{1}{4}$ pound shelled walnuts, 9 cents; 3 eggs, 9 cents; 1 pound butter, 30 cents; materials for mince pie, 16 cents; $\frac{1}{4}$ pound coffee, 9 cents; olive oil, 15 cents; $\frac{1}{2}$ pound lard, 6 cents; flour, 4 cents; bread, 8 cents; spices, etc., 5 cents; sherry, 10 cents.

From the market.—5 oranges, 25 cents; $\frac{1}{2}$ pound white grapes, 10 cents; 1 quart cranberries, 10 cents; 10 pounds turkey, \$1.80; 2 quarts potatoes, 5 cents; 1 quart onions, 10 cents; apples and celery for salad, 10 cents; $\frac{1}{2}$ a pumpkin, 3 cents; 12 blood oranges, 25 cents; 1 lemon, 2 cents; cream, 10 cents; 1 quart milk, 6 cents.

The prices quoted are from the markets of New England, which are generally considered to be as high as, if not higher than, any in the country; consequently, this dinner would cost less than the price I give in many communities. One has also to take into consideration that all of the food set upon the table is not eaten; that deducts again from the cost.

I may be criticised for setting aside the oyster soup and chicken pie, which are time-honored occurrences in a Thanksgiving dinner. Oyster soup with its accompaniment of wafers is so substantial that the appetite which ought to be reserved for the *pièce de résistance* is cloyed. The mere fillip of chilled, slightly acid fruit provided in a fruit salad whets the appetite instead of satisfying it.

As to the chicken pie, it is a nobly substantial dish, quite capable of forming a dinner in itself, and as a rule the guests who have done well by the turkey have scant appreciation left for a second meat dish. It is much better to provide some crisp, cool salad to take its place.

By careful planning ahead, very little of this menu would of necessity be left for Thanksgiving morning work. On Wednesday the turkey can be prepared, the dressing mixed and giblets stewed and chopped. The peanuts may be salted, a syrup boiled for the ice and the potatoes pared; the paste for the pies made and chilled, the pumpkin cooked and sifted, the snow cakes baked and the cranberry jelly prepared. With this work "out of the way," as a country housewife phrases it, the duties of Thanksgiving forenoon are appreciably reduced.

For the orange salad choose large, juicy, clean-skinned fruit. Cut each orange through the middle and with a teaspoon scoop out the pulp carefully, breaking it as slightly as possible. Lay the pulp on ice and with a sharp knife pare out the white pith. Cut a thin slice from the end of each orange to allow it to set firmly on the plate. When ready to serve, sprinkle the pulp with powdered sugar, add a tablespoonful of sherry to each tablespoonful of orange juice and pour over the orange pulp. Use the halves of the fruit for cups, heap full of the salad, garnish with white grapes.

After dressing the turkey and brushing with melted butter, lay it breast down in a roasting-pan. The juices naturally flow downward, and one prefers the large amount of white meat enriched in this way rather than the scrappy portion found on the back of the fowl. Always draw the tendons from the legs of the turkey. The dark meat is made much more tender by this process.

A Waldorf salad, in spite of its extravagantly sounding name, is one of the cheapest of all salads. It requires sour, crisp apples, cut in thin slices and finely chopped celery. Blend lightly with a fine oil mayonnaise, garnish with the blanched feathery tops of the celery and scatter with halves of English walnuts.

Pomegranate ice is a refreshing last course for a hearty dinner. Make a syrup from two cupfuls of sugar and one quart of water. Cool, then add two cupfuls of the strained juice of blood oranges, four tablespoonfuls of lemon-juice and the grated rind of two oranges. Strain it and freeze quite hard. Serve in cocktail glasses.

Little Snow Cakes are made from plain snow-cake batter baked in patty-pans. When the cakes are cool, dip each one in a fondant flavored with orange extract and slightly colored by adding some of the grated rind of a fine yellow orange.

THE THANKSGIVING TABLE

By KATHERINE E. MEGEE

THOUGH custom has decreed that Thanksgiving shall be a day for the reunion of families and informal gatherings of immediate friends, there is no known reason why its observance should drift into any monotonous routine or rut, as it certainly has. Even the dinner, admittedly the event of the day, has become so impregnated with this sameness that the very children can call off on their fingers the number of dishes and describe their contents before the meal itself is visible. These dishes may represent the housewife's most perfect culinary achievements and the acme of savoriness; but the surfeited palate, like the full soul, loathes even a honeycomb.

As all know, the most successful appetizer is the dish which comes in the shape of a surprise; and when the entire menu is a series of unexpected and palatable delights, the effect is most invigorating. To accomplish such an innovation does not necessarily incur elaborate and tiring preparations. The truth is, the daintiest and most toothsome dishes are often of the simplest character. So the suggested change cannot be frowned down upon that ground, at least.

The turkey with its accompanying sauces has become so inseparably connected with the very word "Thanksgiving" that bold, indeed, and wholly lacking in respect for the habits of his forefathers, must one be to so much as hint at a substitute. So, willingly according honor where honor is due, we will allow the time-reverenced fowl to hold his own. Not so with the other viands; no law, traditional or otherwise, governs our choice here—if one except the pumpkin pie, which we intend to ignore; and we may, if we desire, digress, for variety's sake, from the dishes of our grandmothers' day and introduce some modern savories without giving offence.

In view of this, a suggestive menu has been prepared. Though a departure from set lines, it is, withal, a sensible menu which requires no extraordinary culinary skill to prepare it, and may be served with ease by the one maid kept in most homes.

Creamed Oysters in the Deep Shell		
Consomme		
Olives	Salmon Croquettes	Celery
Stewed Peas in Pastry Ramequins		
Roast Turkey, Herb Stuffing		
Individual Molds of Cranberry Jelly		
Macaroni	Tomato Sauce	
Stuffed Potatoes		
Winter Cyming Baked in the Shell		
American Beauty Salad		
Cheese	Chocolate Lemon Pie	Wafers
Bonbons	Rose Charlotte	Nuts
Coffee		

The success of the dinner will depend largely upon how it is served. The maid should be plainly and thoroughly instructed in her duties beforehand that there may be no awkward delays. If experience has proved that her memory goes astray, 'tis wiser to take Captain Cuttle's advice and "make a note on't," and place in a convenient spot in the pantry. There must be no undue haste; everything must be so carefully prearranged that anxiety finds no lodgment in the mind, least of all the face, of "my lady" who graces the table with her presence and enlivens the guests with her conversation.

After having arranged the menu, even down to the most minute detail, the table and its decoration come in for consideration. When the food is served from a side-table the decorations may, of course, be on a much more extensive scale than when it is served at table. In the latter instance, good taste sanctions only a centerpiece of fruit or flowers. Otherwise the table will present an overloaded appearance.

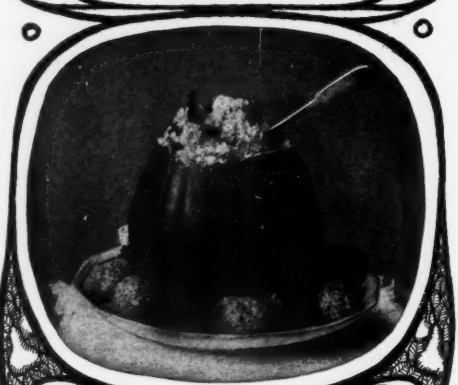
Decorative linens in delicate tones of yellow, blue, pink, mauve and green done in some color which produces a pleasing contrast are the latest innovation in the way of doilies and centerpieces. Though not popular with those who argue that a dinner-table should be dressed only in white, the effect of this passing fancy is quite charming. A low glass bowl of yellow and pink chrysanthemums, standing on a square of buff linen embroidered in salmon pink, would certainly be a pleasing novelty for a Thanksgiving centerpiece.

Fresh fruit used for decorative purposes is always in good taste, and is peculiarly appropriate at this season. It also permits of much display of artistic taste in its arrangement. In this instance, only home-grown fruit should be used, as that imported from the tropics would hardly be in keeping with "the day we celebrate." When fruit is used as the motif for the centerpiece, small wooden trays of grapes resting on a bed of autumn leaves should flank it on either side.

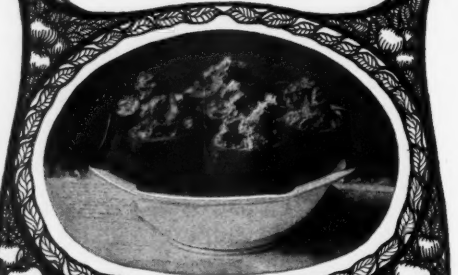
The housewife who delights in all things bizarre might draw upon her stock of winter vegetables for her decorative scheme. One has no idea, until a trial is made, what a really beautiful centerpiece may be evolved from a basket of vegetables, selected with a view to their coloring. A large, loose head of cabbage, from which the heart has been removed, forms a pleasing receptacle for this novel bouquet. Or a pumpkin, of the long variety, may be cut lengthwise and one-



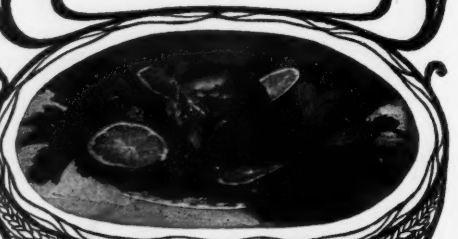
Rose Charlotte



Squash in the Shell



Stuffed Potatoes



An Individual Salad



Chocolate Lemon Pie

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half of it shaped into a shallow platter on which to arrange the vegetables.

ROSE CHARLOTTE.—Soften one ounce of gelatine in cold water; boil slowly until dissolved in one pint of sweetened cream. Beat four eggs light; add to jelly mixture, stir well, take from fire, flavor with rose extract and pour over slices of sponge-cake. When cold cover with pink frosting.

AMERICAN BEAUTY SALAD.—Soak one ounce of gelatine one-half hour in cold water to cover. Bring to a boil one slice of onion, a bay-leaf and one-half teaspoonful of celery seed in one pint of cold water. Add one-half cupful of rich stock, two tablespoonfuls of lemon-juice, season with salt and pepper, add gelatine and strain. Half fill individual molds with cold cooked beet, turnip and potato cubes. Fill up with the jelly colored red with vegetable coloring. Garnish with green and serve with mayonnaise.

STUFFED POTATOES.—Wash and wipe dry a sufficient number of fine potatoes, cut a small slice from one end, rub over with a greased paper and bake one hour. When done, carefully scoop out the inside; put through a potato ricer, season with salt, pepper and cream; then add one ounce of grated cheese for every four potatoes. Fill the shells with the mixture, heaping up well; return to the oven and brown.

WINTER CYMLING (SQUASH) IN THE SHELL.—Select a well-shaped cymling, cut a thick slice from the stem end and scoop out seeds and fibre. Fill up with forcemeat and bread-crumbs highly seasoned. Stand in a shallow baking-pan in a larger pan of boiling water. Bake four or five hours. Garnish with fried sausages.

CHOCOLATE-LEMON PIE.—Bake two crusts; into one put a rich lemon filling; next put on the other crust, right side up, and fill with a mixture made by cooking until thick and creamy, one and one-half cupfuls of powdered sugar, five tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate, and vanilla extract to flavor. Cover with white and chocolate meringue.

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THIS IS the story with an unmoral—if such there be. Bob and Florence, aged eight and ten respectively, were each presented with a metal bank, one of the kind whose looks are deceptive, which really holds enough to wipe out a national deficit, and, like a hungry child, always craves for more, although it appears innocuous and moderate. Bob treated his contemptuously; in fact, if the truth were known, he traded it for a knife with a broken blade. "What is the good of money except to spend?" was his early creed, which, unlike most early creeds, lapped over into later life. When money came his way, which it did frequently, he treated well and often and thus made himself solid with a large band of henchmen—that easy popularity which is obtained by expenditure and which goes as easily as the first flakes of October. "What's the use?" he would snort contemptuously to his sister, when he saw her hoarding her silver bits.

Parents and relatives, however, thought differently, and soon it came to pass that when Bob received a quarter Florence would get two; for her thrifty soul was commended and the elders who had suffered from the buffets of fortune realized her worth. She was told a great deal about the "rainy day" which is sure to come even into the lives of ten-year-olds, and Bob was held up as an awful example of the shining mark which Misfortune was already aiming at with relentless arrows. One day the household was annoyed by the sudden disappearance of a trusted maid, who had left enriched by more than her wages. Among the other articles she had appropriated was Florence's bank with its plethoric contents. Careful recollection, disclosed the fact that the bank had concealed about twenty dollars.

Bob was jubilant. "What'd I tell you?" he shrieked gleefully. "Think of the times I've had with mine?"

It was at that moment, weighted with its load of unrelieved truth, that the iron entered the soul of Florence. She is a big girl now, and when anybody remonstrates with her for recklessly indulging in expensive feminine fripperies she laughs satirically. She doesn't tell always what she thinks, but to those who have known the history of her early years it is easy to trace cause and effect.



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By HARRIOT STANTON BLATCH

Daughter of the late Elizabeth Cady Stanton

A SHORT TIME ago, when I visited Freeville, N. Y., I was given a brief history of the franchise question at the George, Jr., Republic. At one time the girls voted, then they ceased voting by their own wish, taking no interest in public affairs. Later, however, power to levy certain taxes passed into the hands of the young citizens, and immediately, when the girls found the government was to control their earnings, they wished to have direct representation. They demanded the full right of citizenship, and it was conferred upon them.

There is the pith of the whole matter. When people have an interest at stake, and they see that the government holds that interest in the hollow of its hand, then every one but the insane and idiotic wants to influence the government's action. Many a woman, feeling the issues of the last municipal campaign in New York City, was converted into an advocate of woman suffrage. There is no one so dead but who wishes to express her political opinion on questions which truly rouse her, which come very near her, touching the quick of her being.

After much reading of the writings and speeches of our opponents, I am quite sure the issue between us is not the political question, not suffrage or enfranchisement, but the confusion in the minds of our opponents of the economic situation and our political demand. The anti-suffragists do not approve the present industrial condition of women, and they hold the woman suffrage movement responsible for that condition and therefore oppose us. Nineteenths of every article against woman suffrage is an attack upon the fact that women are wage-earners.

Laura Marholm, always quoted by our opponents, declares that the woman movement "gives to woman every freedom except one—that of being woman." She means the opportunity to marry, to be saved from competition in the world of work, to have a home and children. If Laura Marholm can suggest any practical way to get as many men as women in our Eastern States and in the various countries of Europe, and will tell us how to force them to marry and support a family, we will think her a practical sociologist and will enthusiastically adopt her as leader.

But I fear bigger issues than can be dealt with by one woman are at work. The greatest obstacle in Miss Marholm's path is war, and the suffragists have never encouraged men to settle the international difficulties by slaughtering each other. On the contrary, the great organizations, like the International Council, led, mark you, by suffrage women, declare against war. Thinking women know how war robs us of the right to be women in Laura Marholm's sense.

In a now famous article in the "Independent," Mr. Finch, suggesting small causes for big facts, thinks it is chivalry in men that has relieved women of the excessive hard work peculiar to savagism. But when you get millions of men drawn from industry to carry on the old savage occupation of fighting, as in Germany, are not women shouldering every burden of life? Women can't be, in the Marholm and Finch sense, womanly when men show the manly qualities, which some so much admire, of hunting and fighting. But I hold that those German peasant women, in spite of all their roughness, show the noblest of womanly qualities—patience to bear the burdens laid on their shoulders by a government which they have no power to influence, and maternal love quickened to almost superhuman endurance by the necessity to support the children dependent upon them. Woman suffrage, by discountenancing war, would help to lift this woman's burden. It has in no way added to it.

But Mr. Finch holds that all was peace and quiet until 1850, when a few dissatisfied women came and turned things topsy-turvy. What a conception of social evolution, as if a few individuals with resolutions set forth in mere words could change the life currents of the world. Had Mr. Finch gone back a hundred and fifty years instead of fifty, he would have found causes sufficiently powerful to explain the stupendous changes of the nineteenth century.

The concentration of capital, the invention of machinery, the discovery of the application of steam, have taken all the textile industries, all the preserving, the curing of meat, candle-making, bread, cheese, cake and ice-cream making, and the clothing trades from the home. The many women who had to earn money followed the work which they used to do in their own cottage, or, under a mistress in farmhouse or manor, they followed their work from the

kitchen to the factory. The vast majority of women are not and never have been relieved of toil. The few women who did not have to earn their living when the Industrial Revolution came stayed at home, at first contentedly, then they began to get restive. The home interest was narrowing. Every year saw some work withdrawn. The last stroke was when Froebel came. He said every mother ought to teach her own children. Here seemed a champion to keep a central interest in the home; but no, he added that it was absolutely essential that a class should consist of at least eight children and all of the same age. (That's an example of man's logic on the woman question!) Women, in their illogical, intuitive way, said that it couldn't be done. They declared they wouldn't even try. The result? Why, the woman of leisure, as well as the working mother, sent her little child to the kindergarten, where it could meet seven other little children of its own age, the home supply having failed.

As the difficulties of the nineteenth century have arisen, it seems to me that the woman suffrage movement has sanely met them. Like all great reform movements, it has responded to a human need, it has not created a situation. Fifty years ago and every year since, the woman suffrage movement has been insisting that, since the industrial changes of the eighteenth century have made women wage-earners, and since law has dealt with them, more and more regulating their conditions and hours of employment as wage-earners, the working-women should be given the voter's power. Also the woman suffrage movement has been steadily declaring for the past fifty years that the well-to-do woman of the nineteenth century, having lost most of the employments by which the women of the early and middle eighteenth century produced wealth, and in the producing found interest and occupation, should have other activities substituted. Our movement has accepted facts, it did not create them. It has preached to a civilization, whose well-to-do women have less and less occupation, the wider interests of home. It brings to the unoccupied woman of an apartment-house the saving gospel of work for our children in factories, work for our schools, work for our municipalities. Would it be more elevating, would it tend to advance humanity, to recommend to these women staying at home and devoting energy to bridge whist? Mr. Finch thinks our policy mistaken, that we are advocating a return to savagery. In savage times women did all manner of work, and in wishing to take up work, according to our critic, we are not progressive women, but "crablike." Mr. Finch is always confusing the industrial system, which we did not create, with our political demand.

Mr. Finch goes further than calling us "crablike," if we resemble the savage woman. Finding we demand the vote, and she didn't, he says we are worse than these savage women, for they "left at least politics to the men." We're "crablike" if we resemble our primitive mothers, and if we don't, we're "worse." Here's a hard man to suit! He wants us to evolve a different type of mind. We do it, we show we have a sense of civic duty and our critics use harsh language. There are men that we women can't please.

Alas! we are not living in savage times, nor in the eighteenth century, and it is to those times our opponents keep harking back quite unconsciously, perhaps, but no less surely. They do not approve the nineteenth century and blame us for things for which we are in no way responsible. Now to be quite frank, I do not like the nineteenth century, but I have a conviction it will continue without my approval. I do not approve all which the twentieth century promises. But I think it will come just the same. There was a great deal in the eighteenth century I wish we had back to-day. But I have faith that progress is in the end the law of the universe, that the dominating tendency is toward good, that God wouldn't let his children play with matches if there were danger of a general conflagration, that things in the final issue right themselves. Our opponents have no faith in God or man. They see only the present. They look out on a world of tenements and sweatshops, and untidy girls hurrying to factories, married women in laundries, their husbands in saloons and babies in crèches. They don't read history and their memories carry them back forty or fifty years, the time just covered by the woman suffrage movement. Therefore they connect our work and demands with the industrial horrors.

Our movement was antedated by the horrors; had it existed earlier it might have pre-

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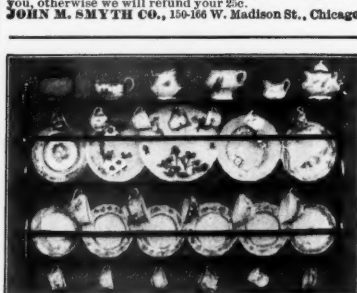
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vented some of them. It was because the women of the eighteenth century had not had their sympathies broadened by a reform movement that they failed to see what they owed to the world, to themselves and the women of the working class. Instead of being leaders, they floated with the tide. They ought not to have let all the beautiful old handicrafts slip away from them; they ought not to have allowed their dependent sisters to be degraded into sweatshop workers. But they were blind, having the very narrowest sense of home interest.

Conditions were so terrible in the leading industrial country in a few short decades after the factory system was introduced that the poet Southey could truly say, that the methods of those who raised cotton on the Southern plantations were humane compared with those in vogue among the weavers in Lancashire. I think the leisured women of the eighteenth century missed their path of duty. Had the movement born seventy-five years later taken form then, those women would have had a wider sense of responsibility.

But they were not roused; leisure only produced restlessness. Their life had been full of the necessity to organize work; quite suddenly, through the rapid growth of a new system of industry, the opportunities were gone. And so, just for occupation, they started sewing-bees and fairs, and later on clubs, to talk about doing things, and finally an anti-suffrage

society. One must have something to do. Idleness is dangerous and leads to every sin in the calendar; an anti-suffrage society is better than idleness.

Women are human, and not even a writer in the "Independent" can change human nature. Normal individuals will seek something to do. And the Woman Suffrage Association accepts the facts of human nature, accepts the facts resulting from the Industrial Revolution, and says: "Let some of the energy which was put into the lost occupations be devoted to the service of the State. Do not let the community lose the benefit of ability wherever it may be found." And as to the women who were swept into the industries, and who form part of the great army of workers, as members of trades or professions, as factory hands, as domestic servants—as to these women the suffrage party justly demands that, as law is more and more dealing with industrial questions, workingwomen have a deep interest in being directly represented in legislative bodies.

From our abiding faith in the basis of our Republic grows one prophecy for women: the vast issues of the industrial and social conditions of the State deeply concern them, and will in the end draw their interest more and more. And when the majority of women love justice and truth and purity as keenly as the George Junior Republic girls loved their money, they will demand and gain every right of citizenship.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Questions on any subject may be sent to this department, and the answers will be published at the earliest possible date after receipt. All communications should be addressed: "Questions and Answers" Department, Collier's Weekly, New York City. No replies by mail.

M. C. E.—1. Paint with a camel's-hair brush, allowing to dry in, or take a piece of soft muslin and dab on. **2.** No, not at all.

L. R. (Wisconsin).—The most simple remedy that I know of is eau de cologne. Only be careful to use the very best, and not the cheap kinds, which contain harmful ingredients.

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A. S.—No, not in the least, unless used too often, when it makes the hair brittle. If used constantly, it will eventually make the hair turn gray. Take a camel's-hair brush and paint on the skin, letting it dry slowly in; then dust over with a little harmless powder.

DINAH.—Eat plenty of good, nourishing food, go early to bed, and only take moderate exercise. Wash the face in warm water night and morning, and then with the tips of the fingers rub in cold cream, always taking care to rub upward, and across any lines which may have formed.

A COLLIER'S READER.—We are willing to assist our readers to the best of our ability, but we can not undertake to furnish would-be authors with plots for novels. The historical material you want could no doubt be obtained by reading German history or by familiarizing yourself with the works of Schiller and Muehlbach.

C. GILDER.—Charles Darwin and Herbert Spencer are the two greatest apostles of the evolution theory. The former's "Origin of Species," and "Descent of Man," and Spencer's "First Principles," are undoubtedly the most remarkable works on evolution in the English language. Huxley, too, has contributed wonderfully to this subject.

LIMPER.—Bathe the feet nightly in hot water in which a piece of common salt about the size of a walnut has been dissolved. Then paint the skin with a five per cent solution of chromic acid in water, once in six weeks. Meanwhile keep the feet well powdered with the following: Salicylic acid, 3 parts; starch, 10 parts; pulverized soapstone, 87 parts.

Mrs. R. D. (Glenville, O.). One of the best ways to apply peroxide of hydrogen to the skin is to use either a soft piece of muslin or a camel's-hair paint brush. With the brush paint gently, allowing the peroxide of hydrogen to dry in. **2.** About two or three times a week, unless the skin is sore. **3.** Yes. Please number your questions.

HERMES.—Any part of the Riviera would be a good place, but a noted winter resort for these complaints is Bournemouth, on the south coast of England. It is warm, dry and sunny, and the scent from the pine trees with which it is thickly covered is considered extremely beneficial in all cases like yours. There are plenty of hotels and good boarding houses, and the terms are fairly reasonable.

Miss K. M.—We could not commend any money-earning work to you while your time is actually contracted and paid for by an employer. Don't you see it would be a breach of business etiquette? But if you have idle hours during your workday why not devote them to your mental improvement along some favorite line? Turning spare time to brain account would be a lasting investment for both yourself and your employer.

DOUBLE DUMM.—1. Send for an application blank to the Civil Service Commissioner at Washington, D. C., stating that you desire to enter the Departmental Service. **2.** According to the best authority we have at hand 100 cubic inches of air at normal temperature and pressure averages 31.074 grains. From this you can figure out your problem. Pascal's work would be of valuable service to you, especially his treatise "On the Weight of the Atmosphere."

MABEL L.—1. Certainly not. It is one of the worst things you could do, and very injurious. Lead a quiet, healthy life, and use nothing but a little harmless powder after washing. **2.** Try twisting the hair into a loose

knot at the neck, and as it won't wave, part it on one side, put the comb through the front hair backward, and let it fall into its natural waves. If this should not suit you, try dressing it on the very top of the head, pushing a little of the front hair over the forehead.

A STEADY READER.—Attend to the quality of your food. Take only a little at a time and eat very slowly; avoiding all dissipation or excitement of any kind; take as much exercise as possible, and think as little as you can about your ailments. Try taking a gentle emetic of ipecacuanha, from 5 to 10 drops in a teacupful of warm water occasionally. Take no tea or coffee, but plenty of milk, fresh eggs, and a little rare beefsteak, and allow a little time for digestion after every meal. Get plenty of sleep and rest.

RHINA.—1. If the warts are attached to a kind of pedicle, or loose skin, the simplest way is to tie a piece of white silk very tightly around each one, when they will drop off in the course of a few days. If the other kind, paint daily with the following lotion, always taking care not to touch the surrounding skin as it will blister: Salicylic acid, 1-2 dram; extract of Indian hemp, 5 grains; collodion, 2 ounces. **2.** Have 3 grains of carbonate of iron, and 1-2 rare beefsteak, and allow a little time for digestion after every meal. Get plenty of sleep and rest.

A. J.—Wash your neck twice a day with strong salt and water, and use this ointment: Iodide of potassium, 1 dram; iodine, 10 grains; simple cerate, or lard, 1-2 ounces. Rub the ointment on the enlargements once or twice a day, and wear a piece of soft flannel round the throat constantly. This must be continued for several weeks, unless the skin becomes a little sore, when it would be as well to leave off for two days and then continue as before. Take a measurement of your neck from time to time, and see whether there are any alterations in the size. For the enlarged pores, you might rub in a lotion of twenty grains of sulphate of zinc in an ounce of rose water, and an ounce of eau de cologne.

W. F. H.—1. Please explain a little more clearly. **2.** It is probably the effects of the oil, which softens the skin and loosens it. Oil is often used on hard skin for this very purpose. Keep your hands as clean and dry as possible, always taking care to dry them thoroughly after washing. Use a little common soda in hot water and then dust the palms of the hands with this powder mixture: Tincture of belladonna, Half ounce Eau de cologne, Four ounces Great care must be taken not to put the hands to the mouth after using this, as it is a poison. Should this not answer, try rubbing in subnitrate of bismuth at bedtime, washing off the mixture in the morning with warm water and pure castile soap.

L. N.—For the winter trip in Europe, I would advise a good tailor costume—coat and two skirts, one walking length, one touching all around, and slightly sweeping in the back; two warm dark blouses of flannel or silk, and one more dressy blouse that will do for theatre or for dinner; a stout short skirt for rough wear and bad weather; one nice hotel gown of a material that will not muss or soil readily, a comfortable warm lounging robe (even in southern Europe the rooms have a chill appalling to the American used to steam heat), a rain coat, a warm outside coat, a travelling hat, and a compact dress hat that will be easily packed. A heavy golf cape is a good friend not only on the steamer but in the ill-heated railway carriages and on cold drives. Four suits of warm underwear will be enough if one is reducing one's outfit to the smallest dimensions. This outfit is sketched upon that supposition. To it, one may add what one personally prefers, but these things one must have. For the steamer, a woolen gown that will stand salt water, a golf cape or heavy ulster, the warm lounging robe already mentioned, a fore-and-aft or other close-fitting cap, over which a veil may be tied easily, and a steamer rug. Many women prefer light fluffy hoods or mantillas in place of caps for winter voyages, and they are certainly more becoming and more comfortable. Capuchin hoods of cloth with bright linings are attractive, if they happen to be becoming. Flannel-lined silk or saten knickerbockers are a boon when one spends cold days lying in a deck chair.

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THE DUAL PERSONALITY OF SLICK DICK NICKERSON

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9)

the painfully doctored log, set to work to finish a task on which the adventurers had been engaged in their leisure moments since leaving Point Barrow. This was the counting and sorting of the skins. The packing-case had been broken open, and the scanty but precious contents littered an improvised table in the hold. Pen in hand, Hardenbrook counted and ciphered and counted again. He could not forbear a chuckle when the net result was reached. The lot of the skins—the pelt of the sea-otter is ridiculously small in proportion to its value—was no heavy load for the average man. But Hardenbrook knew that once the "loot" was safely landed at the Hong-Kong pier-head, the Three Crows would share between them close upon ten thousand dollars. Even if they had luck, and could dispose of the skins singly or in small lots—that figure might be doubled.

"And I call it a neat turn," observed Hardenbrook. He was aroused by the noise of hurried feet upon the deck, and there was that in their sound that brought him upright in a second, hand on hip. Then, after a second, he jumped out on deck to meet Ally Bazan and Strokher, who had just scrambled over the rail.

"Bust. B-u-s-t!" remarked the Englishman.

"Ere's 'ell to pay," cried Ally Bazan in a hoarse whisper, glancing over at the revenue cutter.

"Where's Nickerson?" demanded Hardenbrook.

"That's it," answered the colonial. "That's where it's 'ell. Listen naow. He goes ashore along o' us, quiet an' peaceable like, never battin' a eye, we givin' him a bit o' jolly, y' know, to keep him chirked up as ye might s'y. But so soon as ever he sets foot on shore, about faice he goes, plumb into the Customs office. I s'y's, 'Wot all naow, mess-mite? Come along aout o' that.' But he turns on me like a bloomin' babby an' s'y's he: 'Hands orf, wretch!' Ay, them's just his words. Just like that, 'Hands orf, wretch!' And then he nips into the office an' marches fair up to the desk an' s'y's like this—we heard him, havin' followed on to the door—he s'y's, just like this:

"'Officer, I am a min'ster o' the Gospel, o' the Methodist denomination, an' I'm deteyined ag'in my will along o' a pirate ship which has robbed certain parties o' valuable goods. Which syme I'm pre-pared to attest afore a not'ry publick, an' lodge informeyation o' crime. An', s'y's he, 'I demand the protection o' the authorities an' ask to be directed to the American consul.'

"S'y, we never wyted to hear no more, but hyked awye hot foot. S'y wot all now. Oh, mee Gord! eyen't it a rum gao for fair. S'y, let's get aout o' here, Hardy dear."

"Look there," said Hardenbrook, jerking his head toward the cutter, "how far'd we get before the customs would a' passed the tip to her and she'd started to overhaul us. That's what they feed her for—to round up the likes o' us."

"We got to do something rather soon," put in Strokher. "Here comes the custom-house dinghy now."

As a matter of fact, a boat was putting off from the dock. At her stern fluttered the custom-house flag.

"Bitched—bitched for fair!" cried Ally Bazan.

"Quick now!" exclaimed Hardenbrook. "On the jump! overboard with that loot!—or no, steady! that won't do. There's that dam' cutter. They'd see it go. Here!—into the galley. There's a fire in the stove. Get a move on!"

"Wot!" wailed Ally Bazan. "Burn the little joker. Gord, I can't, Hardy, I can't. It's agin human nature."

"You can do time in San Quentin, then, for felony," retorted Strokher as he and Hardenbrook dashed by him, their arms full of the skins. "You can do time in San Quentin else. Make your choice. I put it to you as between man and man."

With set teeth, and ever and again glancing over the rail at the oncoming boat, the two fed their fortune to the fire. The pelts, partially cured and still fatty, blazed like crude oil, the hair crisping, the hides melting into rivulets of grease. For a minute the schooner reeked of the smell, and a stifling smoke poured from the galley stack. Then the embers of the fire guttered and a long whiff of sea wind blew away the reek. A single skin, fallen in the scramble, still remained on the

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floor of the galley. Hardenbrook snatched it up, tossed it into the flames and clapped the door to. "Now, let him squeal," he declared. "You fellows, when that boat gets here, let me talk; keep your mouths shut or, by God, we'll all wear stripes."

The Three Crows watched the boat's approach in a silence broken only once by a long whimper from Ally Bazan. "An' it was a wotkin' out as lovely as Billy-oh!" he said, "till that syme underbred, costermonger's swipe remembered he was Methody—an' him who, only a few d'ys back, went round sayin' 'Scrag the 'Boomsksys'!" A couple o' thousan' pounds gone as quick as look at it. Oh, I eyn't never goin' to git over this."

The boat came up, and the Three Crows were puzzled to note that no brass-buttoned personage sat in the stern sheets, no harbor police glowered at them from the bow, no officer of the law fixed them with the eye of suspicion. The boat was manned only by a couple of freight-handlers in woolen Jerseys, upon the breasts of which were affixed the two letters "C. H."

"Say," called one of the freight-handlers, "is this the Bertha Miller?"

"Yes," answered Hardenbrook, his voice at a growl. "An' what might you want with her, my friend?"

"Well, look here," said the other, "one of your hands came ashore mad as a coot and broke into the house of the American consul, and resisted arrest and raised hell generally. The inspector says you got to send a provost guard or something ashore to take him off. There's been several mix-ups among ship's crews lately and the town—"

The tide drifted the boat out of hearing, and Hardenbrook sat down on the capstan head, turning his back to his comrades. There was a long silence. Then he said:

"Boys, let's go home. I—I want to have a talk with President Ryder."

THE END

A LOVER'S THANKSGIVING

THE midnights are murky and moonless,
The dawns have surrendered their gold;
The woodlands once songful are tuneless,
And grim to behold;
The winds that were lyric with laughter
Now dwell on a doleful refrain;
We hear their loud moaning, and after
The sob of the rain.

The lawns that were regal with roses,
When summer was regnant, are lorn;
The boughs of the deep orchard-closes
Of fruitage are shorn.
No more the rill lolls as it dallies,
But chafes in its channel and grieves;
And all of the fair garden alleys
Are solemn with leaves.

And yet my heart throbs with thanksgiving
Though nature bewail and deplore;
And life is by far more worth living
Than ever before.
Mayhap such confession seems treason
Amid all this ruin and rue;
And yet I have such a sweet reason—
'Tis you, love! just you!

—CLINTON SCOLLARD.

AMERICANS MUST LEARN SPANISH

MILLIONS of people who speak only Spanish are rapidly becoming good Americans, in our several sea-washed colonies. It requires no argument to show the wisdom of the trading and travelling American acquiring at least a "working knowledge" of the tongue of Castile—or that which does service for it on the Western Hemisphere. The young man looking for employment in nearly any branch of industry, need not seek long if he possesses a fair mastery of Spanish. He will probably secure with it, also, an opportunity to travel and "see something of life."

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In selecting a teacher, let nothing induce you to decide on one who was not to the language born. No matter how well an American speaks it, he is never as well fitted to teach it as is the one whose mother tongue it is. If your resources permit, go to Cuba to study. Surrounded at all times by persons speaking only Spanish; where you must resort to Spanish, signs or force when you want the simplest thing; where the street-signs and newspapers are all in Spanish—you will learn much more readily than under any other circumstances, and your teacher will cost you less.

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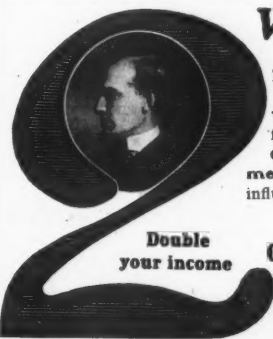
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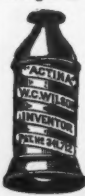
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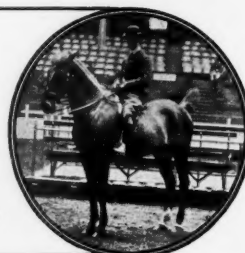
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NEW YORK'S FASHION-ABLE EVENT: THE HORSE SHOW



WHAT the Carnival is to Venice the Horse Show is to New York. Both fulfill the same purpose of bringing together for mutual enjoyment the varying masses of the populace, but on the Horse Show there is no shadow of the penitential season to follow. All is gaiety.

It is a trite remark that the present show outranks all other shows, but it must be made for the sake of truth. The exhibition this year is conceded to be the greatest in the history of the Association, and without doubt the grandest Horse Show of the world. The entries are larger than ever, totalling 766 of the finest animals in the country, and the distribution and class are infinitely improved, especially in the thoroughbred, trotting, pacing, speeding and carriage horses, and it may confidently be expected that these classes will set a very high standard of excellence. This will be a valuable item to the great horse industry, as it is a recognized fact that the export trade in American-bred horses of quality has practically denuded the country of the stock of the year, and a high-class exhibit at the present Horse Show must stimulate the demand for the coming season. America is fast becoming the home of the high-class harness-horse.

This year one of the special features at the Show will be the class for Hunt Clubs, in which will appear the Richmond County Hunt Club, the Warrenton Hunt Club, the Cameron Hunt Club, the Chevy Chase Hounds, the Overland Hunt Club, two teams from the London Hunt Club, and a team from C. W. Smith, there being three repre-

sentatives from each club wearing the "colors of the hunt," and consisting of the Master, the Huntsman and the Whip, the decision to be based on points of equipment. This is a very picturesque item, and will surely attract great attention. It is safe to predict that the Garden will give an ovation to the blue-blooded kings. On Saturday will come a large detachment of the graduating class from West Point, who will march into the Garden in a body to see the judging of the "horses suitable for cavalry," and also to see and take part in the polo pony demonstration round obstacles. Another innovation is the "tea-room," which will be in the concert garden, and which will prove popular with feminine visitors as a retiring and rest room.

This year the leading thoroughbreds will include Belmar, Bonniert, Requit, Lighterman, etc., and those who remember the beautiful Requit as a two-year-old will not look further for points on conformation. There is a slight falling off in the hackneys, owing possibly to the breed being slightly overdone in other years, and the really valuable points not being italicized, but the veteran Fandango will be on hand with his progeny and should lead in his class, with Lord Denby II. and Robin Adair II. in

other divisions. Among the trotters the visitor with an eye for beauty will probably gravitate to The Dreamer, Blue Devil, etc.; but those who care for the really marvellous beauty of utility will look for Lord Derby, while other prominent trotting and harness entries include the well-known stars Burlington, Lord Brilliant, Lord Penn, Lord and Lady Wootton, Newsboy, Jewel, Rockingham, etc., whose owners are of world-wide celebrity in this connection.

Four-in-hands have filled remarkably well, with many entries in all four divisions, including Mrs. John Gerken, Reginald C. Vanderbilt, C. K. G. Billings, H. P. Whitney, E. D. Jordan, Herbert Coppell, Walter Lewissohn, Dr. J. L. Wentz, Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, etc.; the class for quick changing of teams has three entries, and the popular "obstacle" contest will be away above the exhibitions of late years.

Ponies are a multitude of every type. From the tiny shaggy Shetlands, which send the children into spasms of ecstasy, to the pony for polo or hack use, some of the best in the country will be on hand. There was seldom a more promising set of saddle-horses, and the lovers of the park hack will break the commandment relative to "coveting" many times during the Show.

Hunters and jumpers are far and away the best class ever gathered at any show. Heatherbloom, the champion jumper, is unfortunately non est, but Lord Minto, the clever gray Richmond, Hornpipe, Rifle, the erratic Chappie (so popular with the ladies), American Beauty, Red Oak, and a score of other highfliers, may be relied upon to perform great deeds over the bar. This class is largely increased in quality by the full entry of the Hunt Clubs from the previously described typical Hunt Club class.

Tandems are a strong class, and, driven by well-known men, representative of the high-class horsemen of this country, will draw a tremendous attendance as they did last year. The special prizes are very warmly contested for. The invincible Lord Brilliant makes another bid for the Waldorf-Astoria prize, and the Hackney Challenge Cup is probably safely in Mr. Stevens's keeping.

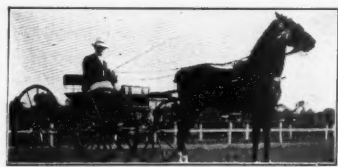
A prize for hansom cabs is sufficient to bring out a detachment to show what the average cabman thinks is the proper turnout in his line; delivery wagons demonstrate what the merchant requires; and along every line runs an aggressive spirit of Americanism.

Some idea of the greatly increased popularity of the Show may be drawn from the sale-of-box figures, which amounted to \$16,000 in 1898, \$17,000 in 1899, \$25,000 in 1900, \$30,000 in 1901, and \$44,000 this year. Taking the first choice for a box price, it runs \$625 in 1900, \$680 in 1901, and \$850 in 1902.

In every respect the Show will prove a record-breaker. **WILFRED P. POND.**



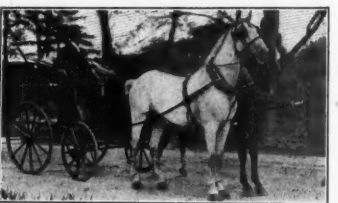
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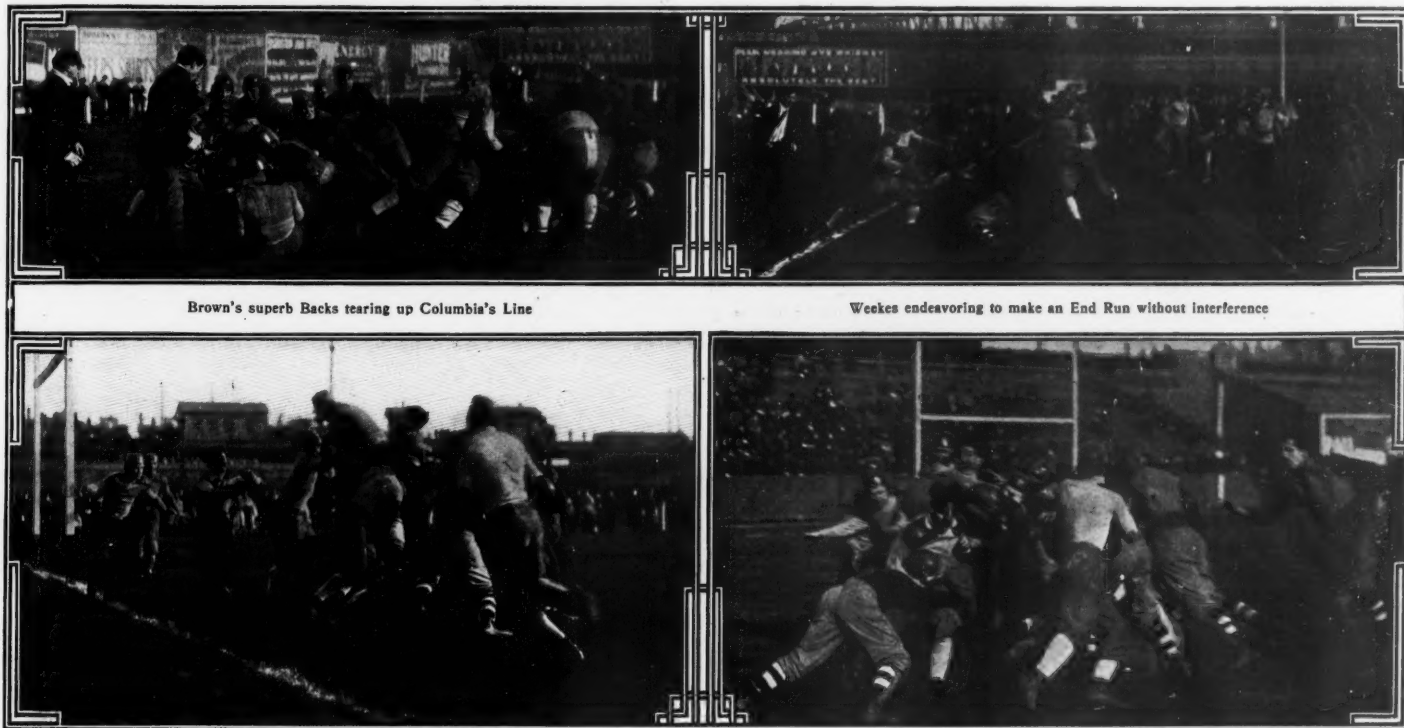


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Fisher being tackled on an End Run

COLUMBIA VS. BROWN AT THE POLO GROUNDS, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8

FOOTBALL



THE Brown-Columbia game was a slaughter, the visitors from Providence smothering Columbia's plays and at the same time being able to gain ground almost at will through the Columbia line and at the ends. There were moments when individual members of the Columbia team showed something of a trace of their former greatness, but these moments were rare. Captain Barry and Lynch of Brown were altogether too much for the Columbia tacklers, and the former's 85-yard run through a broken field, which yielded a touchdown, was a pretty piece of work. Captain Weekes of Columbia played bravely but hopelessly. Score: Brown 28, Columbia 0.

Before a crowd of 25,000 spectators, the majority of whom had come out expecting to see Pennsylvania powerless in the hands of the Harvard team, the visitors from Philadelphia treated everybody to a surprise by holding the crimson eleven nearly a full half without score, and putting up a plucky and dashing defensive play that sent their adherents into wild enthusiasm. Harvard was obliged to fight for every yard and found no weak points in the Pennsylvania line. Finally, when it looked as if the first half might end without a score, Harvard, securing the ball from a weak kick by Pennsylvania some thirty yards from the red and blue's goal line, succeeded in getting her attacking machine in effective operation and carried the ball, not even then without bitter opposition, up to and across the goal line for the first score of the game. This was supplemented in the second half by another touchdown, resulting from an end run of more than half the length of the field. But still Pennsylvania was not dismayed, and although Harvard thereafter had the benefit of the wind, there was no further scoring.

The day was a good one; the sun shone, but the air had in it a good measure of crispness. The wind was distinctly up and down the field, and was of manifest advantage to the side playing with it. Harvard won the toss, and chose the east goal with the wind at her back. Gardiner of Pennsylvania kicked off, and his line went down the field sharply, Shea running the kick back some twelve yards. Then Harvard tried the Pennsylvania line, getting two and a half yards the first time, but only one and a half the second, and Kernan being forced to punt. He kicked the ball out of bounds on Pennsylvania's 30-yard line, and it was Pennsylvania's turn to try her attack.

The visitors were no more successful than the home team, and were forced to punt; but, between the wind and the

superiority of the Harvard kicker, the exchange had lost Pennsylvania twenty-five yards. Twice again Harvard tried Pennsylvania's line and was still short the necessary distance, but Graydon was called upon for a hurdle and went a clean six yards before Pennsylvania could stop him. On the next two downs Pennsylvania held bravely and Kernan kicked across Pennsylvania's goal line. From this time on the fortunes of the play varied, Harvard fumbling upon one occasion just when well warmed up and on the road to consistent gain. Pennsylvania would just get out of danger only to be put in trouble once more on account of the shortness of her punting. Finally Harvard had worked the ball up to the very edge of Pennsylvania's goal, and had only three yards to go when a fumble by a half-back lost the ball to Torrey (Pennsylvania) not a foot from the line. Pennsylvania fought the ball out for seven yards, and then Bennett punted. But it was a short kick, and Marshall secured it on the 30-yard line. From this point a half-dozen plays carried it almost to the line again, but Pennsylvania made a brace and Harvard was unable to get it over. Pennsylvania, forced to punt, once more found the wind too strong, and Harvard, in grim determination this time, stuck to the ball and battered Pennsylvania's line until, just three minutes before the end of the first half, Graydon succeeded in landing the ball across for a touchdown.

In the second half Pennsylvania, starting with the wind behind her, kept up the game fight, and for a long time succeeded in keeping matters even. Had her punting been better this advantage of the wind would have enabled her to keep the play in Harvard territory, but with one exception her kicks were all short and hardly covered as much ground as the Harvard punters were able to make even against the wind. Pennsylvania's attack, however, improved, especially after the substitution of Mitchell, and her runners seemed able to make quite as much ground as the Harvard men. A fatal moment came, however, when Pennsylvania was caught unawares, and Harvard got a back (Stillman) through the line with his interferer clean on the left end of Pennsylvania, and he went from the middle of the field to a touchdown. This practically closed the game, for neither team was able to score again.

Final score: Harvard 11, Pennsylvania 0.

Yale took it out of Bucknell for her rather weak game of the previous week against West Point and piled up a score of no less than 36 to 0. Bucknell, however, had the satisfaction of scoring; for, in a fumble by Bowman, the Yale full-back, when going through the line, the ball shot forward to Smith, the Bucknell quarter, who had a clear path to the goal

line and made the most of his opportunity. In view of the fact that this run of Smith's made the score Bucknell 5 and Yale 6, the New Haven men settled at once down to business and never let up during the two thirty-minute halves.

The great school game of the year between Andover and Exeter was won by Andover after a most exciting game in which no less than 46 points were scored, 29 by Andover and 17 by Exeter. This shows the power of attack of both teams, and suggests that there was something left to be desired in the defensive work. This supposition is true, for the tackling was not always of the best, and each team seemed more determined at hammering than at resistance. An idea can be gained of the interest in this school contest from the fact that some 10,000 people watched it.

Annapolis showed considerable improvement in her play and defeated Lafayette 12 to 11. This puts the Navy stock up considerably, for Lafayette had not been beaten before, and played some strong teams.

Cornell had an easy time with Washington and Jefferson, running up 50 points.

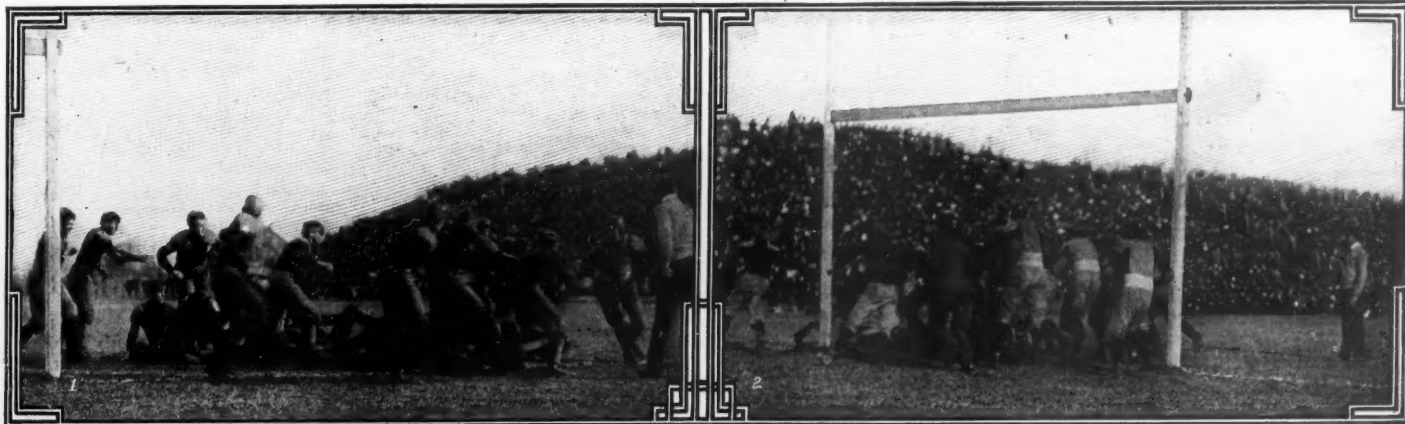
West Point ran up 56 against Union, Daly playing for the Army and dropping a pretty goal from the field.

The University of Vermont defeated Wesleyan 5 to 0, and Bates beat out Bowdoin 16 to 0.

In the Middle West, Michigan and Wisconsin ran up big scores against weaker teams, and Nebraska kept up its unbeaten record by defeating Kansas. On the Coast, California defeated Stanford.

The contest between Michigan and Wisconsin, already noted in these columns, was one that, to all students of the game both East and West, bore a particular interest in the advancement of the sport. Michigan has, in the last two years, developed an attack under Coach Yost that has been found very nearly irresistible. The Wisconsin team under King, the former remarkable Princeton player, has at the same time been developing general play, especially in the line of defence that has been noted among Western teams.

This year the two met, and the meeting was one worth going many miles to see. In fact, it would have been a revelation to most of the Eastern teams and coaches. Michigan assaulted Wisconsin terrifically and, with a variety of plays, fairly carried her rivals off their feet, scoring in what was practically the first real assault of the game. Thereafter Wisconsin, with a determination that has been equalled by no other of Michigan's opponents for a long time, held Michigan in check so far as further scoring was concerned. Michigan, it is true, gained many times thereafter, but not enough to give them another touchdown.



HARVARD VS. PENNSYLVANIA AT CAMBRIDGE, NOVEMBER 8.—1. Graydon, Harvard, making first Touchdown. 2. On Pennsylvania's Two-yard Line. Bennett gains three Yards



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OPPORTUNITIES FOR AMERICANS IN CUBA—IV

By EDWIN WARREN GUYOL

IN A RECENT issue of a newspaper published in Havana appeared the following: "On the arrival of the steamer yesterday there was great disappointment in this city. Many merchants were expecting large shipments of eggs, but only five hundred cases arrived, all consigned to one merchant, Mr. —, who made quite a tidy sum owing to the immediate advance in price. Mr. — now has a 'corner' in eggs, which will not be broken until to-morrow, when another steamer is due. Eggs are selling to-day for five cents each."

The import duty on eggs entering Cuba is five dollars per hundred kilograms, and on poultry eight dollars; in spite of the high duty, Cuba imported, during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1900, eggs to the value of \$762,599, on which a duty of \$146,452 was collected; of the total, \$753,738 worth went from the United States. Poultry worth \$504,288 was imported, this country receiving \$389,633 of that amount; the total duty paid on fowls was \$91,602.

A POULTRY-RAISING ELDORADO

These figures demonstrate, as could nothing else, the opportunities offered in Cuba to the chicken-farmer from the States. Packed eggs, flavorless—or too highly flavored—are retailed for twenty and twenty-five cents per dozen, except when guaranteed to be fresh-laid Cuban eggs—as they sometimes are. *Huevos del pais* (eggs of the country) sell for thirty, forty and fifty cents per dozen, and are very scarce at that. Grown fowls, usually thin and tough, are sold for forty, fifty and sixty cents each, and the hotels pay between ten and fourteen dollars per dozen for fat ones. "Spring chickens" are almost unobtainable. Turkeys are very scarce, and bring from two to five dollars apiece in open market; geese, when they are to be had at all, cost about the same. There is a good demand for ducks, and they sell for forty and fifty cents each.

Cuba is a paradise for poultry. Open ranges may be used the year round; the native grasses give excellent forage, and the birds will thrive particularly if the range has a few fruit and palm trees. The sunflower grows to enormous size, and its seeds are recognized as being among the best poultry foods. No winter quarters are necessary, merely board rainsheds, nesthouses, incubator-houses, and covered runways for the little chicks. There are no foxes on the island, nor weasels, ferrets, polecats or other prowlers. Hawks there are, and owls, and the latter are so numerous that the rainsheds should be provided with roosts and inclosed in wire netting, for use at night.

Very little capital is needed; although poultry farming on a large scale has proved very successful in the Western States of the Union, the man or woman of limited means can just as profitably enter the field. Lands can now be purchased for less than a third of what they will sell for within a few years. Near the cities there are thousands of acres of "tired lands," that can be bought for very little; too old and exhausted for heavy crops, they will yield splendid crops of grass, which in itself will restore the soil, within three or four years, to its former fertile condition, thus enhancing the value of the property while obtaining monthly profit from the poultry raised thereon. If your capital is so small that you wish to invest all of it in stock, land can be rented at low figures. Or you can find plenty of Cubans who will go into partnership with you, they furnishing the land and you the stock.

The best plan for the man of small means is to secure a piece of land on what is known as the *partidario* system: thousands of farms are to-day lying idle because their owners lack funds with which to restore them to their former productive condition; the most fertile soil imaginable, that will produce almost anything, well stocked with all kinds of fruit trees and palms, may to-day be obtained on almost your own terms in any part of Cuba.

THE DEARTH OF DAIRY FARMS

There is not, in the entire island, a single dairy farm worthy the name. Nothing is known of the modern, scientific methods that have done so much to revolutionize the handling of dairy products in the United States. A few farms ship milk to Havana, but there is nothing attractive about the way it is done. Nor is sufficient care used in milking or in handling the milk. The bulk is brought in small, dirty cans, packed in bags on the back of horses and jogged in to town over rough roads; many milkmen use, instead of cans, bottles stoppered with corn-husks, rags or

anything else that may be at hand. Milk-wagons are unknown.

Another way of delivering at the homes of patrons is to drive the herd through the city, milking, right in front of the door, into a receptacle furnished by the purchaser; this is the only way in which cleanliness is assured even partially, and in no other way can one know positively whether he is receiving the milk of goats, asses or cows. Even in this way, the milk obtained is of poor quality, as the animals get nothing but grass and green fodder to eat, the advantages of feeding not yet having been learned by the native farmer.

Milk retails for twenty cents per quart; the price for a glass of it, in a café, is fifteen cents, and all milk, except that drawn at your door, is "salted" to preserve it! There is fortune on earth and a seat in the amen corner in heaven for the men and women who will establish dairy farms in Cuba, and supply the public with pure, clean, unsalted milk at a fair price.

Also butter. Fresh butter cannot be bought in any city or town of the island! It is unknown except on the plantations, where it is only made for home consumption. Even American "creamery" can be purchased only in one or two stores in each of the larger cities.

There need be no fear that Cubans would refuse to buy fresh butter. When they can get it, they will gladly pay well for it. Several times, when visiting at the home of friends who own a plantation in Matanzas, I have been an amused witness of the avidity with which Cuban visitors devoured home-made butter, eating it as they would jelly.

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY

While bee culture can be made a source of revenue in connection with any farming enterprise, Cuba offers special inducements to the apiarist. Her climate apparently suits the bees perfectly, as they thrive and give enormous yields of honey. The native Cuban bees are small, and hard workers; in a wild state, they are found in great numbers all over the island. They mix well with the Italian, all traces of their former characteristics completely disappearing within ninety days after the introduction of an Italian queen into the hive.

The winter months—November, December, January, February and March—are all "crop" months; it is then that flowers are in bloom and the woods most heavily charged with the aromatic odor of various gums upon which bees feed. So rich in perfume and honey is the Cuban fauna that astounding results are obtained.

Hilly lands are best adapted to bee culture, as there the flowers are most numerous and sweetest. Honey made in the shade is not quite as thick as when the hives are in the sun, but all Cuban honey is peculiarly heavy in body and fragrance, and sells well in American markets. Therefore, while in search of suitable property apiarists should bear in mind the advisability of locating near ports or railroads. The combination can be arranged in any province in the island, that of Havana being the least desirable; Santa Clara, Puerto Principe and Santiago the most. Good tracts of hilly land may be bought for three or four dollars per acre, some for much less, and any quantity can be rented at exceedingly low prices. And the apiarist should remember that good bee land is good banana land; the bananas furnish the necessary shade for the hives and constitute a source of considerable revenue.

Persons seriously considering embarking in any of the various enterprises dealt with in this article will readily appreciate the advisability, even necessity, of locating near a city, especially if dairy or poultry farming is to be undertaken. There is abundance of land to be had in immediate proximity to all large cities, and it is all good for one or the other purpose. Some of the most available tracts have been under cultivation for so many years that their productiveness has been exhausted, but they can be quickly rejuvenated by sowing grass and fertilizer. Havana, of course, will support a greater number of market suppliers than will any other city, its inhabitants numbering nearly three hundred thousand. But Pinar del Rio, Matanzas, Cardenas, Cienfuegos, Santa Clara, Puerto Principe, Santiago, Gines and a large number of smaller towns are badly in need of energetic, progressive Americans who will devote their ability and capital to development along the lines indicated. Such a rich reward is assured.

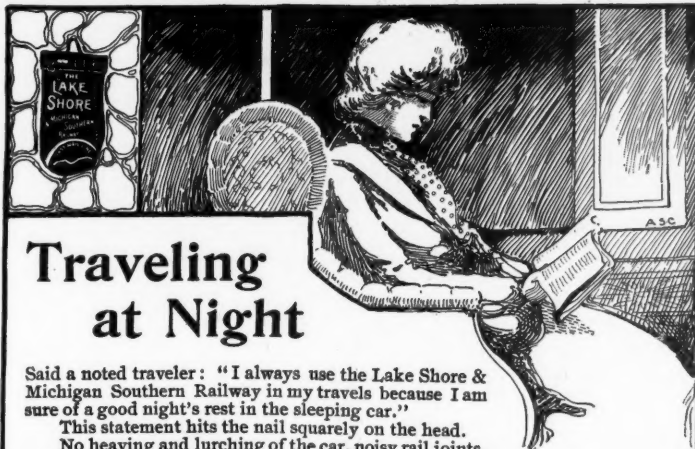


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While immense strides have been made in adapting rubber in its manufactured state to commercial uses, the production of crude rubber is on the same primitive and uncertain basis that it was a century ago. There is no article of world-wide use whose production has been allowed to remain so long in ignorant and improvident hands, without the slightest move to improve it. When the world's supply of wheat fell short of the demand, the machine reaper was invented; it changed the production of wheat from an old-fashioned to a scientific method; and it made the fortunes of those who accomplished the change. When the rapid spread of civilization demanded an increased supply of cotton, the old system of picking the seeds from the fiber by hand was superseded by the cotton gin, and the immense fortunes of the southern planters were thereby laid.

Rubber is the Hand-maid of Civilization

It is just as indispensable to our modern civilization as wheat or cotton. You cannot imagine a substitute for it. Every line of human endeavor is daily finding some new purpose for it. And yet until very recently not a single step has been taken toward improving the method of producing crude rubber nor even toward preserving the present source of supply, which is so rapidly vanishing in answer to the incessantly increasing demand.

The world's present inadequate output of crude rubber comes from the jungles of South America, where it is gathered by tapping the wild rubber trees that are scattered here and there in the tropical forests. The ruthless and short-sighted natives, who do this tapping, have the world's supply at their mercy, as the climate is such that no white man can live there for even a brief period to guide and oversee them. Because they improvidently "tap to death" the tree that brings them their golden harvest, thus rapidly cutting off the source of supply year by year, and because each year they are obliged to penetrate farther and farther into the jungles at an added outlay of time and money the price of crude rubber has doubled in the last decade.

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Anyone can own such shares, or acres. Supposing you buy only five. You pay \$20 a month for 12 months, then \$10 to \$30 a month for a limited period, until you have paid the full price of the shares in the present series—\$254 each; but during the period of these payments, you will have received dividends amounting to \$210 per share; hence the actual net cost of your shares, or acres, is only \$44 each, and you own real estate then worth at least \$2,500, and from the maturity period onward longer than you can live, your five acres, or shares, will yield you or your heirs a yearly income of \$1,200. This is a most conservative estimate (based on government reports of the United States and Great Britain) for 200 trees per acre, and figuring them as yielding each only two pounds of crude rubber per year, a total of 400 pounds at 60 cents net per pound. Of course, if you buy 10 shares your income would be \$2,400 yearly; or, better still, 25 shares will yield \$6,000 a year.

Every Safeguard Surrounds this Investment

The State Street Trust Co. of Boston acts as trustee for the shareholders throughout. It holds the title to the property. It holds the money paid in for shares and this money can only be drawn out upon evidence that the property is being developed as agreed with you. You are fully protected against loss in case of lapse of payments or in case of death. You are granted a suspension of payments for 90 days, at any time you wish. We agree to loan you money on your shares. In fact, if there is any safeguard you desire you have only to ask for it.

If we can prove to you that five shares in this investment, paid for in small monthly instalments, will bring you an average return of TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT ON YOUR MONEY DURING THE PERIOD OF PAYMENT, and will then bring you \$100 a MONTH FOR MORE THAN A LIFETIME, we could not keep you out. Send us at once \$20 as the first monthly payment to secure 5 shares—\$40 for 10 shares—\$100 for 25 shares (\$4 per share for as many shares as you wish to secure). This opens the door for yourself not to wealth, but to what is far better, a competency for future years when, perhaps, you will not be able to earn it. We already have hundreds of shareholders scattered through 40 States, who have investigated and invested. Our literature explains our plan fully and concisely, and proves every statement. We will hurry it to you immediately on request.

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